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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND FINANCE.

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would know that a species of civil war is bound to follow the Continental war—and their enthusiasm for Mr. Hughes would be moderated.

The statement which was published on Thursday by Electric Railway House should convince the "boogoo," but whether it will have any effect on insurgent workmen and workwomen is another matter. It is the old story; an award made in March met by a fresh set of demands in July, involving a 12½ per cent. bonus and including women. The men get a 5s. rise. The women are refused a rise, (1) because they work less hours; (2) because their attendance is less regular; (3) because the 12½ per cent. bonus has been withheld from them in all Government departments. Thereupon the sex goes on what Joe Gargary calls the rampage. That fatal 12½ per cent. bonus! As we predicted, its malign influence is being felt in every industry, and in every branch of every industry. Mr. Churchill is an expensive luxury, and if the duty falls anywhere it should be on him.

We regard the active participation of Japan in the war on the side of the Entente to be as important an event as the entry of the United States. Japan, to be sure, is one eighth as big and perhaps not half as rich as the United States. But, as we pointed out in an article last week, Japan is growing rich at a stunning rate, and her commanding position in the Far East will enable the Japanese, if they choose, to bang, bolt and bar the door to the Germans in the Pacific for many a long day. And as a military and naval Power Japan is more mobile and "handy" (to borrow a slang term) from her compactness than the United States. If Japan could beat Russia in 1904, when Russia was organized by Tsardom, what will she not be able to do with the Russia of to-day, drifting helpless on the waters of revolution like some harpooned Leviathan? But will Japan choose to join the economic war-after-the-war on Germany? Will the United States so choose? It is foolish to count on the commercial policy of these two Powers after the war.

Birmingham is ever in the van of political battle, and we read in the papers that the Liberals, or Asquithites, will oppose the Ministerial candidates in ten of the constituencies of the Chamberlain stronghold. On what ticket? We know of no platform on which Liberals can oppose Ministerialists except that of Free Trade, as opposed to Imperial or Colonial Preference. Labour candidates are also to be run, but by which of the three Labour parties? Mr. Arthur Henderson is very anxious not to have a general election until after the war, which we quite understand, for in an election taken this winter, Mr. Henderson, with his milk-and-water Bolshevism, would not stand "a dog's chance." We hope that the Government will dissolve as soon as the new register is completed—indeed, there ought to have been an election three years ago.

As we remarked last week, men and women at the next election will think in two subjects only, their incomes and the war. It will, that is, be a repetition on a large scale of the Khaki election of 1900. But need there be an appeal to the many-headed at all this

"A good official is a man who combines
laziness with extreme accuracy."

GONCOURT.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A provisional agreement was mercifully reached on Wednesday evening over the 'bus and tram strike, and there seems some prospect that the nuisance will soon come to an end. But not before a wild Sahara waltz has been performed in the middle of the great war by employees of both sexes in various important centres of the country. The young "ladies" of London are only following the example set them by munition workers, engineers, shipbuilders, and coal miners. Indeed, the question will shortly arise, why should anybody do anything, so much as clean boots or sweep chimneys, for less than £5 a day? Civilised society is based upon the observance of contracts, and this elementary truth was recognized until 1906, when Mr. Asquith and Lord Loreburn, by the Trades Disputes Act, abolished the corporate liability of Trades Unions for the acts of their members. When workers are neither civilly nor criminally liable for their conduct, society is in a state of dissolution.

The strike is symptomatic of the utter demoralisation caused by the reckless expenditure of Government on the war. Everybody sees that they have only to "hold up" the Government to get whatever they ask; and everybody is therefore "out" to make as much as he or she can out of the war at the public expense. Society in England is beginning to go through what they have been suffering for years in Australia: and until stockbrokers and barristers and bankers take to working railways, tramways, and coal-mines (as at times has been done in Australia), they will never shake off the tyranny of the public utility workers. If people in this country were only familiar with recent Australian history, they would not talk of the war to end war; they

autumn? Sir George Reid and Sir Edward Carson have been arguing the point in *The Morning Post*. Sir George points out the disadvantages of a General Election; Sir Edward replies that it is not feasible to prolong the life of the present House of Commons (yes, but when?) the new register is ready. We suspect that they have both been reckoning without their Prime Minister. If a big Allied success at the front gives Mr. Lloyd George his chance of "stampeding" his Pacifist and Bolshevik opponents, he will take it.

As a sample of political ingratitude commend us to an article in the *Sunday Times* which accused the Conservative party of being anxious to postpone a General Election because the result would almost certainly be to confirm Mr. Lloyd George in power! We do not know of what political party the *Sunday Times* is the organ, but what other object does the writer of the article imagine the Conservatives can pursue except the return of Mr. Lloyd George with a big majority? For the last four years the Conservatives, far the largest party in the House of Commons, have loyally supported, first Mr. Asquith and then Mr. Lloyd George, and have patiently (perhaps too patiently) allowed Radical and Socialist Bills to be pushed through in defiance of the party truce, because they regarded the war as the one and only issue. The Conservatives would be mad, as well as bad, if they tried to upset the Government apple-cart at this hour of the day.

A good illustration of the difficulties of Protection may be found in the case of the Ford tractor-ploughs. That the Ford tractor is the best as yet on the world's market, that it could be procured in the largest quantities and at the shortest notice, and that it has been very useful in the ploughing programme, are statements which will not be denied by serious persons. Yet the importation of the Ford tractors was long and strenuously opposed by the representative, in official circles, of one at least of the English motor manufacturers. He shall be nameless, though his action was quite logical and consistent with the doctrine of Protection, if not with the national interest, or the policy of the Board of Agriculture. But that is the cardinal difficulty of all systems of Protection. The question is perpetually recurrent: shall the national interest be postponed to the interest of the individual manufacturer or group of producers?

The production of a commodity is one thing and its distribution is another. The two functions require a different capacity, as the leaders of the rubber industry refused to admit until now, when it is too late. The planters of *Hevea Brasiliensis* in Ceylon and Malaya, when they returned to this country some eighteen years ago to sell their estates to joint-stock companies, fancied that because they had sweated in the jungle over the rearing of their young trees, they knew all about the Mincing Lane Market. But they didn't, and angrily refused all attempts to organise the market by a system of joint selling, and control of output, because these proposals were made by men who were not planters. Now that evil days have come, these same planters are fain to implore the assistance of Government in regulating output, and finding markets.

These remarks apply, *mutatis mutandis*, to the Ministry of Food and the Food Production Branch of the Board of Agriculture. The business of the Board of Agriculture is to produce food (under the abnormal conditions of war); the business of the Ministry of Food is to distribute it. There ought not to be any confusion or overlapping between these two departments; but, of course, there is, as we suppose is inevitable when two zealous and overstaffed public Ministries are engaged in a healthy rivalry in the national interests. Each department is critical of the other; and each complains that its best ideas are appropriated by the other. The business of Mr. Clynes is so to distribute commodities that each shall have enough, or, at least, some, and in order to do this he is obliged to fix prices in the case of the leading articles of consumption. The mistake that

he is alleged by his critics to have made is that he only considers the interest of the consumers: that he fixes the profit of the producer, the intermediary commission of the dealers, and leaves the retailer to make as much as he can.

Of course, this is not literally true, as the retail prices of most commodities are fixed by Mr. Clynes. But it does appear to be true that he has allowed so small a profit to the producer in many cases, that, except under compulsion (which cannot be applied) production will not continue. Everybody knows that unripe fruit and immature cattle are sent to market because it does not pay to keep them. The loss of food-power must be considerable. With regard to the production of food, the inner councils of the Board of Agriculture have been divided by contending factions, Mr. Prothero and the graziers having, temporarily at all events, driven out Lord Lee and a strong band of ploughmen. It is rather remarkable that we owe the ploughing programme to Lord Milner, a proof, if proof were needed, that brains without expert knowledge are more valuable than expert knowledge without brains, always assuming that the man of brains has expert knowledge at his disposal. Wire-worms have no terrors for Lord Milner, who is assuredly "not an agricultural labourer," as Lord Spencer once said of himself in the House of Commons.

The art of fixing nicknames on opponents is one of the most effective weapons of political warfare. Cobbett was a past master of it; the vain Lord Erskine never got over "Baron Clackmannan"; and "Prosperity Robinson" stuck to Lord Goderich until he died. But unless the wielder of the weapon has the literary sense and a knowledge of the facts, he degenerates into a pert schoolboy. Lord Northcliffe is not equipped for the dazzling fence of political rhetoric, and his clumsy attempt to affix the nickname of "Junkers" to Lord Lansdowne and Lord Beauchamp merely exhibits his ineptitude. Whether one agrees with Lord Lansdowne and Lord Beauchamp in their desire to open negotiations sooner rather than later, or whether one thinks, as we do, that such efforts are waste of time, everybody should know that these two peers are the exact opposites of the Prussian Junker, who, with his fire-eating, blustering pan-Germanism, more nearly resembles Lord Northcliffe than those whom he cocks a snook at. "Yah! Pro-Boer!" was the retort addressed to Mr. Lloyd George when he ventured to question the justice of the South African War. Changing the name, this is the Northcliffe style of argument.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW can certainly claim the credit of having been one of the first, if not the first journal to call attention, nearly a year ago, to the seriousness of the coal question. Of course, the Government did nothing but prattle about the patriotism and great sacrifices of the working-classes. Now, it is no secret that the Admiralty is at its wit's end for coal, and that vessels lie for days, sometimes a week or even a fortnight, waiting for coal. The case of Italy is very serious indeed, as is that of France. If these things occur in the summer, after a long spell of heat, what is likely to happen in the winter? On Thursday, the 15th inst., absentees at a West Yorkshire colliery, whose returns are before us, were 31.66. There are three remedies, to stop strikes, to enforce attendance, and to suspend, where practicable, the Eight Hours Act.

It has taken just four years for the opinion of civilised humanity to penetrate the triple-brass of German conceit. The German journalists have at last realised the fact that they, the Germans, are regarded by the rest of the world as "blackguards," and one leading newspaper in Berlin finds the discovery to be "damnable." They will find it damnable indeed before they have done with the war, and still more damnable after the war. For the favourable opinion of your neighbours, in the case of a nation called prestige, in the case of an individual, reputation, or a good name, is

indispensable to a happy and prosperous life. Fancy the insult to a First-rate Power of being told before the world that nobody believes its word, written or spoken! We verily believe that the Germans have not, or, until quite recently, had not, the least idea of the effect produced on the outer world by the sinking of the "Lusitania," the murder of Nurse Cavell, the cruelty to prisoners, the burnings and massacres of non-combatants, etc.—and that, not from ignorance of the facts, but from sheer German arrogance; whatever they did was right.

The whereabouts of several notorious people must perplex their correspondents. "Find Trotzky" would make a capital parlour game. Among those who do not appear to be precisely courting the limelight is Tsar Ferdinand of Bulgaria. He is believed to be in retirement at Frankfort; to be ill, even dying. But Tsar Ferdinand, who is an old fox, has gone to earth before to-day. He took the waters for months after the second Balkan War, so as to bring home to his none-too-loyal subjects that they could not do without him. And so we shall believe in his death when his funeral has been authoritatively announced, and in the consequent Republic, when the Kaiser has acknowledged its President.

The best argument against the acquisition of the railways by the State is that the monopoly of the iron road as a vehicle of locomotion is now definitely doomed by the motor and the aeroplane. An aerial mail has for some time been established between Washington and New York, and two months ago the Canadians inaugurated the "Royal Mail Aerial Service" between Toronto and Montreal. Captain Bryan Peck, of Montreal, who served at the front as an officer in the Royal Artillery and afterwards in the Flying Corps, and who is only twenty-one, carried the first mail delivery in his Curtis biplane from Montreal to Toronto. The distance of 200 miles he traversed in the same time as the fast train, but we learn from a Canadian newspaper that he returned in two hours, a speed of 100 miles an hour. The aeroplane or airship will probably never carry heavy goods; but as a mail and passenger carrier it is bound to beat the railway.

The defeat of the railway by a superior carrier was foretold by De Quincey as long ago as 1833, when commenting on the great improvement of the coach-roads by Macadam's system in 1815 he has this striking passage: "And at the moment when all further improvement upon this system had become hopeless, a new prospect was suddenly opened to us by railroads, which, again, considering how much they have already exceeded the maximum of possibility as laid down by all engineers during the progress of the Manchester and Liverpool line, may soon give way to new modes of locomotion still more astonishing to our preconceptions." A very remarkable instance of prophecy in a dreamer. Some forty years later the same observation was made by Lord Derby (the seventeenth), who deprecated the purchase of the railways by the State by asking, "Would not the State have made a bad bargain if it had bought up the stage-coach lines?"

Colonel Edes has been writing to the press, and denouncing the waste of paper resultant from the throwing away of tickets for tram and omnibus. We agree, but is not the Colonel trying to hook the sprat while the whale swims the ocean? The real paper-squanderers are the Government departments. Not only do they batter a patient public with tons of literature which nobody reads, but within their sacrosanct portals as well document is piled on document. Those who know will admit that inside that characteristic institution, the "jacket," papers accumulate which merely confuse inquiry, because nobody has the pluck to destroy them. The telephone has changed things slightly for the better, but the original sin remains. Ministries believe in "records," and under their own artificial mountains they get lost.

WAR NOTES.

Moral and political considerations have largely dictated the German resistance between Albert and the Aisne. With insistent confidence it was announced that American intervention could have no appreciable military effect, and there cannot be the slightest doubt that the German army and the German public alike placed implicit faith in those assurances. Now that American intervention is seen to have changed the course of the war more, probably, than any other event—its results are the more profound because a great weight thrown into the scale towards the end of a struggle is doubly telling—some means had to be discovered of counteracting so disastrous a revelation. As the exaggerations which have marked enemy communiques indicate, the course adopted has been a defensive relied upon to prove that, American reinforcements notwithstanding, the German army remains powerful enough to inflict a severe check.

But though a necessity, for there could be no saying how far, when once started, the moral rot arising from such a shock might go, this procedure has been for the enemy costly, and it is certain not only that he cannot afford the cost, but that he would not have incurred the cost could it have been avoided. He has been forced to keep a mass of troops in that elbow of his front of which the positions near Soissons form the south-western apex, and steadily, though of late more sparingly, to draft in others. Defence of this convex line between Rheims and Albert is far from easy. The line is astride the Oise, and while a devastated and depopulated zone lies behind its western face, the Aisne, which the line also crosses, is an obstacle to the troops holding the sector facing south. The position, in short, is due to the accident of circumstance.

Its defects were disclosed at the beginning of the present week by the attack delivered between the Oise and Aisne by part of the force under the command of General Mangin. Immediately one object of that attack was to close the great road from Laon to Noyon via Coucy-le-Chateau, and still further to weaken the German line where it bestrides the Oise, and the success of these operations, which fully accomplished that primary purpose, showed how hollow were the enemy's claims to have checked development of the Allied plans.

But a larger object was to apply an insistent pressure all along this flank as far as the Somme, and thanks to cool and skilful tactics, that was done at relatively small expense. Not moral, political, and geographical embarrassments only combined to obstruct the inclination to shorten the German front, but the change of conditions since the enemy held this line approximately in the early part of 1916. It is now no longer foregone that were a withdrawal to the Hindenburg or Siegfried positions to be attempted, even that system of defences would hold. The retreat would, besides, be just now too glaring a confession that the great offensive had failed. In the circumstances the probabilities appear to be that, though impelled rigidly to economise both materials and men, the enemy will contest this ground mile by mile. His needs, in fact, are conflicting, and he must make the best he can of the conflict. It is perilous to go back; it is costly to remain.

The consequences apply to the whole Western front, or the surrender or loss of enemy positions in Flanders sufficiently testifies. Recent British gains there have been important, and have rendered the enemy's tenure of the flats of the Lys more than ever uncomfortable. No result of the failure can have been so bitter.

The German Command, however, must have realised by this, first, that their presumed reduction of the total Allied strength *pari passu* with their own is a chimera, and, secondly, that the American troops mean quality as well as numbers.

PLOUGH OR PASTURE?

IT was handsome of Lord Lee to sing a pæan to Mr. Prothero in *The Times*, as apparently and up to date the plough has been beaten by the dukes and the wire-worm. But in reality the contest between Mr. Prothero and Lord Lee was only a preliminary skirmish, an affair of outposts. The great struggle is only beginning, and as it affects the agricultural and fiscal policy of the age to come, we cannot start too soon upon a free and full inquiry into the merits of the controversy.

The contest is simply between grass and crops, between the grass fields which feed sheep and cattle, and the cultivated land which produces cereals, roots, vegetables and fruit. No one in his senses advocates an extreme policy on either side, that Britain and Ireland should be all grass or all crops, though we have heard a zealot for intensive culture declare that, except for cricket and polo, there was no need to have any grass at all. But the difference arises over the balance to be maintained between pasture and ploughed land, both during the war and after. The advocates of intensive culture have undoubtedly the best scientific opinion behind them, and (to borrow a term from an adjacent region of ideas) the spirit of innovation. The champions of pasture are backed by a solid phalanx of landowners, graziers, butchers, and some big farmers: and finally by that impalpable but powerful conservatism, which too often shelters ignorance and laziness. It would, however, be unfair to both sides to describe it as a battle between scientific theory and unscientific practice. Both parties have many practical arguments to urge in support of their policy: the difficulty lies in the inevitable contact of economic policy with political parties, in short, with tariffs, as we shall presently see.

No one denies that the food-producing power of intensive cultivation is much greater than that of pasture. We have seen the statement that the productivity of one acre of intensive culture is to that of an acre of grass as 300 is to 15. Whatever the figure may be, the increased food power obtained by turning an acre of grass into an acre of crops is very great. But immediately arises the question, at what cost is the increased productivity obtained? If the increased cost in money, i.e., in manure and seeds, or in labour, or both, is so great that the capital cannot be procured, *cadit questio*, and the grass farmers have won. Indeed, it was precisely on this question of labour that Mr. Prothero prevailed (for the hour) over Lord Lee. The wire-worm and the dukes had their influence, of course, over Mr. Prothero, whose pliability in that direction is a little suggestive of the Bedford Agent. But his public answer to Lord Lee was on this note: "Your ploughing programme is excellent, but where am I to get the men? Here is that terrible person, Sir Auckland Geddes, who knows nothing about agriculture, as you and I do, my dear Lee, and who insists on taking 25,000 men from English farms, and 15,000 from Scotch farms, and 5,000 from Welsh farms; your ploughing programme is simply impossible." It never seems to have occurred to Mr. Prothero that it is a way with the Geddes family, like the Dutch, to ask more than they want, or at all events expect to get. Anyway, whether Sir Auckland Geddes "bluffed" Mr. Prothero or not, it was on the supply of labour that the ploughing programme in its extended sense was thrown out. And that brings us back to the main argument, that if the increased cost of intensive culture, in men, in seeds, and chemical manure, is very great, then it cannot hope to beat the grass farm.

To this the scientific agriculturist replies that if intensive culture can be proved to pay, the necessary capital will be forthcoming, or must be provided (this is his last and rather desperate argument) by the State. Whether the intensive production of foodstuffs will yield a sufficient profit to attract capital will depend on the protection given by the State to the producer, by tariff or bounty. If after the war British ports are to be opened again to the food products of the world, in-

tensive farming in Britain is doomed. Here our scientific enthusiasts are up against a stone wall in British politics. What Government will propose a tariff on wheat and meat, any more than on cheese, or bacon? Mr. Bonar Law has already, unless we are mistaken, pledged the Government to the policy of no duties on food: and all parties are agreed, we believe, on the policy of colonial, or imperial, preference. So that even if a Government could be found to impose import duties on Argentine and American cereals and meat, Canada and Australia would immediately fill up the gap under the preferential tariff, which will presumably be next to nothing on colonial produce. Unless, therefore, the British farmer can meet and beat the competition of the Canadian, Australian, African, and Egyptian colonies, who will advance him the capital for his fertilisers, his motor-ploughs, his seeds, his army of labourers at 30s. to £2 a week? A bounty? What, with a national debt of nine thousand millions, an income-tax of ten shillings in the £, enormous prices for everything, a bounty to farmers! Is it likely? Once more, the scientific agriculturist, feeling really hard pressed by the financial facts, replies, with a solemnity none too great for the occasion, "if you won't protect agriculture, either by a tariff or by bounties, you will have to buy your food from the Americans at any prices they choose to ask; and after their expenditure on the war, you may fancy whether those prices will be moderate!" We fell to the full the force of this argument: the predicament is grave.

There is one point which we have omitted from the rapidity and brevity of the argument, but which the intensive cultivators do not forget. They maintain that from the rotation of crops sufficient grass land there will always be to allow of "a run" for young beasts, and that for the rest they will be better fed by ensilage, by roots, and in byres, than in the ample fields now provided by the graziers. This is a practical consideration which agriculturists will fight out amongst themselves. It does not touch the core of the question, namely, whether the British people will submit to a system of protection, by tariff or bounty, sufficiently high to make intensive farming a profitable and, therefore, a possible national industry.

THE LIMITS OF SUBMARINE WARFARE.

IN spite of constant rumours of surface activity in the neighbourhood of Emden and Jutland, and the continued assertions and predictions that the High Seas Fleet is about at last to "come out," the submarine campaign remains the overmastering factor in the war at sea. We are now in the month in which Lord Jellicoe predicted submarine warfare would come to an end, a prediction which he has recently explained away, after the naïve and inevitable confession that he did not know reporters were present, as being no more than an indication that during August the output of tonnage would outpace the destruction of it. We have recently, after three years of silence and speculation, had disclosed to us the official estimate of submarines sunk; and through the release by the First Lord of the carefully-shrouded mystery of the Q-boats we have been let into some at least of the secrets by which these sinkings have been accomplished.

There is little doubt that the disclosure of the sinkings has been widely condemned by service opinion and has caused a good deal of disappointment and disillusionment among the public. One had become so accustomed to the whispered tales of striking successes; to the mounting figures of claims and especially to the habit not discouraged by Mr. Lloyd George himself of disclosing the figures for a day or a week and then allowing people to suppose that those figures were normal and not exceptional, that if any ordinary man in the street had been asked he would certainly have put the German losses at nearly twice the actual figure. Yet there is in the figures themselves nothing

that is discouraging. It is improbable that the German output of submarines is much over one a week, and if Mr. Lloyd George's statement that half of the 150 sinkings occurred in the present year we should be justified in assuming that unless German science can do something to elude the offensive efficacy of the depth-charge and other weapons now employed by our sailors, we have really reached the point at which we can sink faster than they can build. If that be really true, it is, of course, a fact of tremendous significance, and it would go far to rehabilitate Lord Jellicoe as a prophet even without his emendation of his own prophecy.

The figures will submit themselves, too, to other interesting analyses. If so large a proportion were sunk this year the outlook in 1917 must have been black indeed. For it is common knowledge, in spite of a good deal of exaggeration, that the early stages of the submarine warfare were favourable to us. The present writer remembers visiting, in company with a number of other guests of the Admiralty, early in 1916, a fleet base where the Admiral commanding the patrols in the neighbourhood gave his visitors indications which would certainly have meant that the sinkings up to that time had been fairly satisfactory. If they were satisfactory in 1916, they must, as has been said, have fallen off in the next year. This alteration for the worse may have been due to two causes. In the first place, the campaign was carried further afield, which meant a thinning out of our patrols and a greater chance of eluding them on the part of the enemy, and in the second place an answer had been found at Kiel to some of our most successful devices of 1916. 1916 was the year, one may say broadly, of the nets. But with larger and more powerful U-boats it was not difficult to construct devices which would cut through or carry away the most successful netting protection. In 1917 the skill and adventurousness of our younger officers initiated the Q-boat; a reply essentially British in its daring, its adaptability and, it may be added, its sense of humour. But the difficulty of the Q-boat was that the more often the trick was employed the more wary the enemy became, moreover, it had the disadvantage that it gave the enemy the pretext for greater frightfulness against the unfortunate merchantmen against whom his piratical enterprise was directed. Changed counsels at the Admiralty seem to have prevailed. It was realised that there was no short cut, and in 1918 the depth charge and the mine—offensive weapons to which there is as yet no answer and probably never will be—are slowly strangling the U-boat campaign.

Moreover, a profound change has come or is about to come over Germany's whole purpose in this kind of warfare. When it began it was a challenge to our surface fleets as the Hogue, Aboukir and Cressy showed. As our destroyers increased and our skill in battle tactics became more absolute the submarine turned to other uses. It became a weapon of blockade and its object was the subjugation of England by starvation. The entry of America into the war has again forced the German general staff, which ultimately controls German Naval power, to consider the submarine as a strictly military weapon. Employed against ocean transports it came near to succeeding. Against transports in convoy it has failed. Three hundred thousand American troops a month are being brought across in safety over the noses of Germany's most experienced submarine commanders. German submarine warfare has found a limit which it seems impossible to pass.

What is to be the next step? There is no doubt that recent changes in the direction of German sea-power are connected with this vital question. Will von Schuz solve it by a new energising of the submarine service; perhaps by devising some new move of technical co-operation between submerged U-boats? The attack on the *Justicia* was very suggestive in this connection. Or will we see an attempt by battle-cruisers and fast colliers to break into the Atlantic and at all costs paralyse the transport of troops for as long as may be?

A PARADISE OF SOCIALISM.

IT is curious that none of the authors who predict and describe for us what the brave world will be like under Socialism has thought it worth while to dwell upon the achievements in governance of a nation which has already come as near to establishing the Socialist's Kingdom of God upon earth as we are ever likely to get. We have often wondered why there should be so much speculation, so many painful efforts at prevision, regarding the Socialist state when there is a convenient example lying closely under our observation. We would like to know how many of the Socialists who write and agitate in behalf of their gospel have even so much as opened, still less studied and digested, that remarkable corpus juris of a practical experiment in Socialism, the "Recueil des Lois Suisses" periodically issued for the instruction of all good citizens by the benevolent and far-sighted Assemblée Fédérale de la Confédération. Switzerland suggests hotels, mountains, condensed milk, William Tell, and neutrality to most people. If the Socialists knew their Europe as they should, she would suggest none of these things in the first instance and ultimately she would not necessarily suggest them at all. She would suggest only Socialism—Socialism under the best possible conditions for its ideals and practice, Socialism efficiently put into action, Socialism bringing forth its fruits in their season. If we were asked to say in a single sentence what the world would be like to-morrow under Socialism we should answer promptly and without misgiving that the world to-morrow under Socialism would be like Switzerland to-day.

During the last few years we have become familiar with a good deal of practical Socialism in our own country. The State now declares at what hour we shall dine from home and, within certain limits, upon what we shall dine. We are all registered and rationed as mere private individuals. As employers we are controlled. Many of our industries are in effect nationalised and others are subject to drastic regulations, including the whole Socialist apparatus of maximum prices. But all this can give only a faint impression of the degree of supervision exercised in Switzerland over every department of life. Besides, the Swiss conception of citizenship implies a different attitude to the whole question. The control which most of the belligerent nations are at present accepting as a necessity of war is received in Switzerland as the logical result of a humane and intelligent system of government. We cannot deduce anything about the socialist state from nations which reluctantly acquiesce in the organization for war purposes of their essential supplies and industries. But in Switzerland there is a joyous predisposition to be controlled, a national taste for organization under the State, a whole system of official and public life, reaching from the individual through the commune and the canton up to the Federal Council, for which even Mr. Sidney Webb, if he were a modest man, would be shy of suggesting improvements.

Intelligent democracy cannot farther go than the Swiss system of administration. To begin with, the Swiss have realised, what none of our British democrats appear to have realised, that democracy can only be successful in a country where public opinion is intelligently led and enlightened on public questions. You cannot organize a democracy by turning a heterogeneous electorate into the polls with no further guidance than can be obtained from a sensational Press. The Swiss Government do not leave the justification and explanation of their measures to the Swiss Press. The Swiss Press is free, but it has to compete with the periodical official publications of the Federal Council, and these official publications are remarkably good. No nation is generally so well educated in its own affairs as Switzerland. At short intervals the Swiss Government issue well-written, accurate accounts of their relations with foreign Powers, of the internal condition of the important Swiss industries and supplies, of their army, police, and customs, of any serious questions which may arise for consideration. The humblest Swiss citizen can, if he chooses, be better in-

formed about his country's policy and condition than the average member of the British House of Commons. It follows that the Swiss Press, though it can influence and direct Swiss opinion, finds it very difficult to mislead it. In England almost any newspaper can start an agitation based on premises that are entirely false. It is not possible for such an agitation to obtain a footing in a country which reads the "Feuille Fédérale."

Switzerland is small, well-educated and thoroughly understands local government. Here are all the necessary conditions of democratic Socialism. What are the results?

The results are a tolerably high level of comfort, of interest in life, of security against the worst kinds of poverty and distress. A Swiss citizen who is well-to-do and is not accustomed to wear out his clothes and boots may not sell them as he pleases, second-hand. He must take them to an office designated by the authorities and dispose of them there at an official price. The clothes and boots thus acquired are officially mended, and officially distributed to members of the community who are less well-off. When an employer of labour has to restrict his output he may not casually dismiss his work-people. He must keep them on at reduced hours and pay them for the work they are unable to do. It would be a hardship for the work-people to be dismissed just because there was no work for them. You will object that the employer, on the other hand, might reasonably have a grievance against the State for being compelled to pay wages for services which cannot be rendered. But the Swiss Government provides for all. It is benevolent and wise and has no class prejudices even in favour of manual labourers. The employer need not pay at all if he really objects and he does not in any event pay very much. His canton and his Federal Government each contribute a third of the sum required and he will be let off the remainder on pleading poverty. The only penalty received by his failing to contribute is publication of the fact by the Federal authorities at their discretion.

A spirit such as this, combined with a remarkable genius for detail, applied to the biggest industries or to the waste cabbage left discarded as inedible by the suburban cook, results in a general feeling of safety and comfort and a disposition to be tremendously interested in politics. Politics in Switzerland means that milk will be delivered at the door at a price which the consumer can afford to pay; that substitute foods which do not contain as much nourishment as their inventors claim for them will be suppressed; that the right kind of boots will be manufactured from the right kind of leather; that good food will not be given to the pigs, and so forth. These matters are thoroughly well understood by the average Swiss elector, who has been trained to think intelligently about political economy, finance, the public services and international affairs affecting the neutrality of Switzerland. What more can our Socialists desire? Why have they so long neglected those "Recueils des Lois Suisses" and "Feuilles Fédérales" which reveal the Socialist State in prosperous and respected being? Is it because they desire something in excess of mere intelligence, something higher than comfort, something more impressive than the security of the greatest number? Do they expect to have it both ways in their ideal state of the future—to be able to provide successfully for the average citizen, to think only of general welfare and utility, and yet to evoke their Shakespeares and Beethovens and Michael Angelos? We will not reproach the Swiss for having failed to find a place for genius, inspiration and the arts in their wonderful system, because we do not think it can be done. The Socialist stall is in our view; a stall which, in order to gain the world, must necessarily lose its own soul. We have observed a dawning suspicion of this truth in some of the most prominent public men and journalists of Switzerland. There may shortly be a reaction even in Switzerland against too much governance. Meanwhile, we recommend Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Sidney Webb and others to go and live in Switzerland for a time and tell us how they like it.

THE FANCY.

THE Fortunate Islands have given us two good things of the same name: the canary in which Sir Toby Belch delighted, and that which sings in nurseries the world over, and in the parlours and work-rooms of the ancient City of Norwich. And the history of the canary bird is romantic enough. Some mariners from the Islands were wrecked, with a cargo of canaries, on the Island of Elba, in the sixteenth century some say, in the fourteenth others. The birds naturalised themselves, but were quickly exterminated owing to the demand for them that sprang up in Italy. But they had some excuse for dying out there, if what a German writer says is true: "What tended to render them scarce was that only the male birds were brought over—no females." This state of things must have been remedied, since according to our poet Gascoigne, "Canara byrds come in toe bear the bell" as early as 1576. Another century saw the canary well established in England, but "selling very dear," says Willughby (1635-72), "so that it is wont to be kept only by nobles and great men." It must have been cheaper soon afterwards, because the *London Gazette* announced in 1685 that "there is lately come over from Canary, 700 canary birds," of a green colour probably, like those commemorated as admirable singing birds by Namby-Pamby Philips in the year of Ramillies. Another century found them so universally kept that a canary-bird became a cant phrase for a jail-bird, "one taken and clapp'd into a Cage or Round-house." What a curious story is that of the songster, green in his native state, bred by degrees upon varying foods, into yellow bright or pale, to white, to crested or to hunch-backed varieties; this last is the Belgian kind; or his parti-coloured cousin, the Scottish Fancy, a species as artificial, as deliberate as the Hapsburg jaw and bandy legs of the modern bull-dog, or as the rarer Frilled Canary, tufted back and front. But so it is.

Look at an aviary, with its breeding cages and moulting-rooms, its central heating, its baths, its sanatoria. Norwich is far enough from the Fortunate Islands, far from Italy and even Elba; yet this is a true local industry and two thousand canaries were sent to America at a single time during the 'nineties; twelve hundred at once have moulted to the best advantage and with due medical assistance. Before the war hundreds of hens' eggs and many loaves of bread were required for their sustenance in a single week, and eight tons of sea sand, for the development of their digestion. Are they too, "Dora's" victims, subsisting wholly upon canary seed, as yet uncouped, and denied their lump of sugar? Do they breed as of old and remain, patriarch-wise, surrounded by their families of every generation, now that emigrant tonnage is wanted for transport of greater "national importance" than themselves? We know not, neither hazard we a wide conjecture. Only they sit and sing, undisheartened, welcoming the sun, glad of a gift of chickweed or rarer groundsel as yellow as their plumage. "How can he sing so loud when he is so little?" said a child, at the throbbing roulading creature so incommensurable with his own shrill music. How indeed? And what happy decree of Providence has granted enchanting tunefulness to a bird which can use it so well? Were the peacock's harsh cry proportioned to his person, the peacock had long since been extinguished by man, unable to endure the hideous dissonance.

By what mysterious process do two top-knotted canaries breed not a still tuftier offspring, but a baldish one? And why should the Canary Islands have had the monopoly in all the world of this sweet singer, whose song is the more passionate the nearer he is to his mate? "Canaria, so-called because of the multitude of dogs of great size" indeed! Pliny ought to have known better. That the island abounds in pines and palm trees is quite true, only Pliny knew not that the double growth denotes the double climate, tropical and temperate, in which canorous birds can breed and sing. "Into the throat of the bird," said Ruskin, in one of those rare moments of his prose, in which the

commonplace at last takes on the immortal, "is given the voice of the air." Caged, and in a cottage, the canary sings out his soul; conceive him in the tangled fragrance of a Madeira forest, not single, but multiplied a thousand-fold, calling to his true-love, sharpening his song against his rivals, that he may gain her ear, for the canary is by nature monogamous: and all St. Valentine's day is in his voice. How the canary came to East Anglia is unknown, save to readers of *The Saturday Review*. In the sixteenth century it was introduced into England by Flemish refugees, say the books; it remained for this *Review*, in the *Norwich School of Natural History* [partly untrue], to set forth, on December 15th, 1917, that mésalliance of the Sirens with the Halcyons of the South which created the race of Norwich canaries and answers that riddle of dear Sir Thomas Browne, "What song of the sirens sang?"

Your canary is a social bird, chiming in at his loudest when it is merry in the hall and beards wag all. He is something obtrusive if you desire to write or think; love out of season making him desire to cheer you up when you would have a joint stool to be melancholy upon. But it is all in the way of honesty; and breeding, which has made him yellow, white or parti-coloured, may yet find means to develop the tact, the sense of time and place, now, alone of the graces, wanting to his songship.

"Canaries may be made to sing in the night." Good heavens, does anybody want them to? They may also be taught to warble a tune by hearing it five or six times a day whistled or played on a bird-organ. Again, they can be trained to sing the songs of other birds, particularly nightingales or woodlarks. But why train them? Their own song is sweeter than any enforced over months of learning, and it is further glorified by literal martyrdom. At pairing time the canary-lover may sing with such passion as to burst the delicate vessels of the lungs. Had this but been known to our Elizabethan poets, traditional conceits upon the song of the dying swan had surely given place to elegies upon the lover whose love had passed the limits of his powers and who in very truth had died of love.

But your true tragic love is as rare among birds as among men.

A tricky creature mostly, is good Master Canary, with eyes blue, brown, or grey; he needs due handling. Finch as he is—canary-finch some call him—he loves his fellows, and will mate with goldfinch, greenfinch, siskin, linnet, bullfinch even, though in the last case it is well to give the eggs so born to a finch to rear. And the mule-birds are gay creatures enough, various of hue and nature,—was it for this that two centuries before Mrs. Malaprop, Mistress Quickly, meaning but "quandary," lamented that Falstaff had brought Mistress Ford to such a canary as no courtier could have done when the Court lay at Windsor? Be warned by the recorded sad history of Jack and Thyrsis, and expect no too exclusive domesticity from your canary-flirt. Jack was light yellow and very superior, Thyrsis précieuse, lady-like and incompetent. They played in their well-furnished flat with the wool given them for nest-building and failed in their duties so fashionably that a second wife, bouncing, effective, and with a greenish crest, had to be found. She made the nest, she laid the eggs, she hatched the family; they died; and their death lay at Jack's door. He, if you please, was flirting with his earlier love, hung rashly in his sight, and forgot to feed his offspring. He was given another chance, Thyrsis in her cage was removed from his sight, and Jack did his duty to a second family of his second wife like a man and a father. So, that just shows!

Gipsy was a cross between a canary and a goldfinch, and in a bird-haunted bowling green, made friends with a goldfinch, a bullfinch and a siskin, with whom he walked, talked, ate and slept—wild birds these last, but drawn to Gipsy by some strange attraction. Gipsy, a new Narcissus, once fell in love with his own image in the glass, calling to it in soft, low notes, until his breath dimmed the vision and he flew away.

Look down

Look down that Norwich court or alley, paved and grass-grown, with old projecting gabled leucombs, see the weaver at his loom, the shoemaker at his last. The sun shines on this side, casting deep shadows on that, but, sun or shade, the canaries sing. Your skilled craftsman here is ever a bird-fancier and politician; what wonder then if, in the Ancient City, canaries are loved at home, are shown in honourable rivalry, are hung where they can taste the light and enliven the air? There was an apologue of our childhood—in the History of the Robins was it?—in which the children, brought up to befriend and not to capture birds, ask why it is right to keep canaries in cages if it is cruel to keep an English lark? And the answer is that the canary has been bred to the cages, bred to the hand of man, and would fare ill if turned loose to fend for itself among strangers. The canary is our friend within doors, bringing songs of the woods into the drab life of towns. Be grateful to those shipwrecked mariners of old who brought him to Europe. Does he not mean the Spirit of Home for you when you come back from work on a winter's evening to take a dish of tea by your own fireside? There he is, on his perch, watching for your return, so still and demure, head cocked a little on one side, expecting you will say "Good evening." You touch the wires of his cage gently, and say "Dickie," and he just answers "Sweet, sweet,"—which is usually more than you deserve.

FEMME PROPOSE.

"BUT really, Aunt Cassandra, really and truly, I think Captain Preston will propose very soon."

"All the more reason for forestalling him. It is absolutely essential, now we have the vote, that equality in everything should be insisted upon. Why, I ask you, should we await the throwing of the Sultan's handkerchief?"

"It seems nicer, somehow," said Sophonisba feebly. "Don't you think a man ought to beg a woman to marry him? I can't help thinking it would be undignified for me to ask Captain Preston."

"My good girl, equality is what I aim at. In spite of all my training you can't get it out of your head that one sex is superior to the other."

"Then neither of us should ask, and a question can't be answered if nobody asks it. Perhaps both of us should ask simultaneously. I don't believe you would do it yourself, Aunt Cassandra."

Cassandra Spiking reddened from the roots of her grizzled hair to the sharp edge of her spade-shaped chin. "Wouldn't I?" she asked explosively. "Not Captain Preston, of course; but if you promise on your oath as an embryo-electro to propose to him at the Robinson's party this evening, I will . . . approach the Professor with a similar intention."

Sophy was momentarily dumb.

"I have long thought," proceeded her aunt, "that Professor Grist would do epoch-making work if he had the assistance and encouragements I could give him, and the comfort my money could procure. He is poor and not very robust."

"And as sour as a lemon and as dry as a bone," added Sophy, finding her voice.

"A woman's sympathy. . . ."

"An equal's sympathy," corrected Sophonisba.

"My sympathy," said her aunt testily, "would inspire and humanize him."

Sophonisba had been carefully educated in all the tenets of Woman Suffrage and had even practised stone-throwing in her aunt's garden, greatly to the detriment of the neighbours' flowers and vegetables, while she was yet in short frocks; but she was still distressingly feminine and irrelevant on occasions.

"We shall have to alter English grammar and revise the dictionary," she now remarked. "It's simply absurd to have he's and she's and feminine prefixes and suffixes. We want a personal pronoun that will stand equally well for both he and she—I mean she and he."

"When Professor Grist is my husband I hope to say 'we,'" said Sophy's aunt. "We shall be a united couple."

Before the ladies went to dress Sophy had promised to do her best to propose to Captain Preston that evening.

The party was of the mixed and informal nature not uncommon in a "highly-cultured" suburb. Miss Spiking regarded it as a *conversazione*, her niece as a dance. Both ladies had found, without seeking it, an opportunity for undisturbed conversation with the men in whom they were interested.

"You need help, my dear Professor," said Cassandra. "I sadly fear that you disregard the insistent claims of the body in your desire to illuminate the world with the product of your vast intellect."

"I have put my hand to the plough," said the Professor with a sigh, "and cannot withdraw it."

"You might do even better work if you had a wife to help you—a wife with money and intellect," said Cassandra with desperate courage.

"Where should I look for such a phoenix?" asked her companion grimly. "I know no rich woman capable of collaborating with me, even if she were willing."

Cassandra flushed. "I may not be your equal in learning," she said humbly, "but I could be your amanuensis, and I have a comfortable income which I am willing to share with you. . . Horatio, will you be mine?"

"I am . . . I am generally ready to oblige a lady," stammered the Professor, "but this is very sudden. Pray give me time to consider your proposal."

Cassandra cast a glance of affectionate deprecation through her large round spectacles at Professor Grist. The deprecation and affection were, of course, magnified by the lenses, yet they failed to melt him. "Do not keep me long in suspense," she murmured hoarsely.

"I must have a week, I must indeed," said the Professor, rising and wiping his forehead with a large and somewhat coarse pocket-handkerchief. "I will go home now and think. Good-night."

In what is still termed a cosy corner at Tootham, Sophy and Captain Preston sat side by side. "Do you really believe in the equality of the sexes?" asked the girl in her best feminist manner.

"Of course I do. Men are better and abler than women in some respects, and women are our superiors in others. It works out almost even, I should say."

"But our Rights?" asked Sophonisba anxiously.

"We have the rights and you have the privileges."

"Not all the privileges," objected Sophy, fidgeting with her bead necklace. "For instance," she went on, "a man chooses his wife, not a woman her husband."

"She has the right of refusal."

"Yes, but she must not take the initiative."

"Do you . . . have you ever wanted to take the initiative?"

"That is a most impertinent question," said Sophy reddening.

"Not between equals. I speak as man to man."

"I don't want you to do that."

"Well, as woman to woman. No, hang it all, I really can't pretend to be a woman."

"I don't want you to be one," said Sophy faintly, "but, if you could put yourself in my place now, what would you do?"

"I don't know what place you are in, or what you are driving at."

"I'm a modern girl," said Sophy desperately, "and the equal of any man."

"I don't question your equality, taking an average, and I don't mind your having the vote a bit—now. If you'd got it because you kicked and scratched and bit and hated men you wouldn't have deserved it, but it's because you have been helping us to win the war."

"Yes," said Sophy bitterly, "helping! I maintain that, if we win, it will be because women have worked so magnificently."

"Honours divided, I should say. Now, don't let us quarrel. I'm going back to-morrow, and you really might be nice to-night."

"I meant to be nice," said Sophy, "very nice indeed."

"Did you? Oh, well then I'll ask you a favour. If I come back again will you m—"

"Stop," cried Sophy, sitting up very straight; "will you marry me?"

"Oh, Lord," cried the young man, "I was only going to say 'will you meet me in town and do a play?'"

Sophonisba collapsed. She looked very pathetic and quite feminine with her little hands, worn with munition-making, pressed against her hot cheeks and tear-filled eyes.

"Forgive me, Sophy. I was only rotting. I've wanted to marry you for ages, but I couldn't ask you till now. I got my step to-day."

"Dear Miss Spiking,—Feeling, as I do, that your proposal of Tuesday night was prompted by a sincere regard for my welfare, I venture to ask your congratulations on my appointment as Professor of Moral Philosophy at the University of Perkinsville, Indiana, whither I proceed at the end of the month.

Yours faithfully,

HORATIO GRIST, I.M.P."

A HOLIDAY WITH JANE AUSTEN.

IT was much past noon before the two carriages, Mr. Musgrove's coach containing the four ladies, and, Charles' curricle in which he drove Captain Wentworth, were descending the long hill into Lyme and entering upon the still steeper street of the town itself.

Few readers of Miss Austen's stories have not once in their life, stood on the hill-side and seen, as they halted, the party enter Lyme. It seems to be there before one's eyes, a scene in a story which is a triumph of agreeable realism taking us back to social life in England in the years when the wars with France were near their end.

To Miss Austen, and to most of us, the history of Lyme is of little importance and yet at Lyme one can realize English mediæval sea life better than in most places. It recalls the energy, the turbulence and the courage of the old English mariner. There is the Cobb within the shelter of which during Monmouth's Rebellion lay a ship "formerly called the Dogger and now the Black Greyhound laden with arms, guns and munitions of war. There in May, 1685, it was seized by the ship called the Young Spragg as she lay at anchor or near the harbour or bay called the Cobb of Lyme" and condemned as lawful prize. Among the documents in the Record Office, some of which have happily now been published, we can read how at a still earlier time, in 1264, a commission was issued to the famous lawyer, Henry de Bracton, to try a case of fighting at sea between the men of Dartmouth and Lyme and to do justice between these fierce sailors. We may, as it were, see these men sailing in and out of the bay, bringing in their prizes, or their more peaceful merchandise.

Lyme Regis was franchised by Edward I, and it aided the ambitious and warlike schemes of himself and his successors by supplying craft for the transport of his armies to France, and by sending ships to the siege of Calais. Many years after—in the reign of Henry VIII—Lyme was considered of sufficient importance to have granted to it the privilege of holding fairs and a market. During the Parliamentary and Royalist struggles it sustained, in 1644, a siege of seven weeks from the troops of Prince Maurice, and was only relieved by the timely arrival of the Earl of Essex, all of which, in greater detail can be read in Hutchins's "History and Antiquities of the County of Dorset." But it was as a seaport that Lyme is interesting. Leland, travelling through England in the reign of Henry VIII, described

it in his 'Itinerary' in quaint and suggestive words. "Lyme," he says, "is a praty market town, set in the rootes of an high rocky hille down to the hard shore. This town has good shippes, and usith fishing and merchauntice." Since those days Lyme has lost its "good shippes" and its "fishing and merchauntice," though Leland's striking description of its situation remains strictly true. It lies, as he observes, at the very roots of the hills; there is no level piece for it to be built on, and some of its houses are on the lowest spurs of the hills, some on the hard shore below the proper hills themselves. On the north-west, on the slopes which face the south and the long line of rolling headlands which end with the distant and half-visible Bill of Portland, a few houses of modern character have from time to time been built, but it needs no stretch of imagination, so little has time changed it, to picture it as a seaport of the sixteenth century.

Lyme has still charms for those who prefer peace and picturesqueness to noise and blankness of long esplanades, and it is no small advantage to find a place where the local pride of its inhabitants is satisfied by the luxury of a simple but an historic breakwater, and does not desire to endow it with the largest aquarium or the longest iron pier within fifty miles. At one time, indeed, in the eighteenth century, it was somewhat frequented as a watering-place by persons of rank—Lord Chatham frequently visited it for the sake of his health. But Lyme in its Cobb—or Pier—possesses a work not without interest from another point of view as illustrative of mediæval ideas of harbours and breakwaters. For the Cobb was built as early as the reign of our King Edward III; if not before, and was almost completely destroyed in that of Richard II; its last restoration was in 1825-6, when 232 ft. of the pier and 447 ft. of the parapet were rebuilt. Starting straight from the hard shore it gradually circles round towards the east, terminating in that direction. Vessels within it are therefore protected from the south and south-westerly winds by its encircling shelter, and the bay being protected from the north and east by the high lands which bend round to form the east side of the great west bay, ships are safe from all kinds of weather. At the present day the harbour can only contain a few coasting vessels and fishing smacks, so that its interest is now chiefly historical. For there were days when it was considered a great harbour, and when within the protecting folds of the Cobb ships which were to sally out to the siege of Calais were collected, and vessels which brought the Duke of Monmouth and his companions lay within its grey shelter. It was certainly planned with skill, considering the requirements of mediæval times, for it stood the best of all tests, it fulfilled the purpose for which it was built, and within its artificial shelter the sailor was as secure as within the land-locked coves of Lulworth or Salcombe. One could point to more ambitious modern structures of our own age in this branch of marine architecture which are put to shame by this piece of mediæval work, which in its time was eminently useful.

After all, however, it is not its mediæval history, but its literary associations which attract us to Lyme, it is Miss Austen who draws us there, where we are environed with the atmosphere of her novels. We are with her at the beginning of the nineteenth century on a holiday and long after it is ended we take 'Persuasion' from a shelf and see the little town and its visitors again. "There is nothing to admire in the buildings themselves; the remarkable situation of the town, the principal street almost hurrying into the water; the walk to the Cobb, skirting the pleasant little bay; the Cobb itself, its old wonders and new improvements, with the very beautiful line of cliffs stretching out to the east of the town, and what the strangers will seek; and a very strange stranger it must be who does not see charms in the immediate environs of Lyme to make him wish to know it better. The scenes in its neighbourhood, Charmouth, with its high grounds and extensive sweep of country, where fragments of low rock among the sands make it the happiest place for

watching the flow of the tide, for sitting in unwearied contemplation; the woody varieties of the cheerful village of Uplyme, and, above all, Pinney, with its green chasms between romantic rocks." This description might have been written with the scene before her; in fact 'Persuasion' was composed in 1815 and 1816, but the impressions of Lyme, formed by Miss Austen during her stay in September, 1804, at the little Dorsetshire town were indelible and faithfully reproduced in her story. It is not surprising that Lyme was fixed in her memory, for this visit was a change, not to be forgotten, in days outwardly monotonous only, for uneventful life could never be to so acute and amused an observer of the social drama which was always before her eyes. 'Persuasion' is thus, in this particular, a fragment of autobiography, one which unites Miss Austen's personality permanently to Lyme. The Cobb, the Esplanade, the hilly streets are all a memorial of the author of 'Pride and Prejudice,' so that Lyme has become a shrine for lovers of English literature.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We regret to say that owing to a mechanical error the letter in our last issue, entitled "More Irish Impressions," was wrongly attributed to "Evelyn St. Leger." It was written by Sir Lees Knowles, Bart.

THE "KNOCK-OUT" BLOW.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—To the Radical Pacifist Press the creed and policy symbolized by this phrase is, as it were, a red rag to a bull. One wants to know why. The question, I admit, is one that ought to be addressed to the *Daily News*, but the *Daily News* and Co. (doubtless on some religious ground) decline to discuss or allow correspondents to discuss the matter, though I should have thought the "knock-out" (like other "finals") would interest a large number of Radical newspaper readers.

Of course, I am well aware that a formal reply or "counter" is put forward. We are assured, in various rhetorical flourishes, that nothing can be accomplished by violence. Has this negation any satisfactory meaning? Is not the whole cosmic order of the universe, so far as we know, held together by the one eternal (to us quite incomprehensible) "knock-out blow" of gravitation? And to confine our observation to the terrestrial globe, was not violence, mere brute strength, for centuries of the dark ages, the palpable "trump card" of national existence? Did it not settle the main outlines of our modern geography? That is not to suggest that there was no moral force (of which more anon) at the back of it.

The elementary laws have no morality that we know of. They "never apologize." They crush, attract, or repel evil or good alike. But in humanity, superior physique and the success allied with it have no permanence unless supported and inspired by a certain moral vigour. But to say that force, even in its crudest form, has not altered the world, removed evils and abuses, and smoothed the path of civilization, would be to ignore half the facts of history, including one very important fact pervading all life—the moral influence of pain. In his great classic of schoolboy life, Tom Hughes assures us (and none was more competent to do so) that many a juvenile nature was turned from evil to good by the disciplinary effects of what is called a "good hiding"; and it is with corporate society as with the individual. The terror of pain, of death, is the knife-edge of external disapproval that could not make itself felt otherwise. In the crude case of the Danish or the modern German invasion there are apparently some who think (with the Editor of *The Nation*) that it could have been arrested by argument, and that to resort to force was to discard our "moral influence." But King Alfred in the dark ages knew

better than that. Argument is not for those who have abandoned it. Virtue must don the "shining armour" of force to deal with them.

The absurdity of the contrary contention begins with the conception that "War" is a special and separate department of conduct such as can be ostracized and separated from the rest, whereas it is merely one pole (the positive) of human activity, and Peace is the opposite, or negative.

But mere "complaisance" being, admittedly, a characterless thing, the element of conflict pervades all human life and thought.

Far from knowing, as Charles Lamb reminds us, that "the warmest of two disputants is usually in the wrong," we only know that both—individuals or nations—stand on the road of human self-assertion, of which there is (through all time) but one end for either party—the dying (or inflicting death) for his creed.

These lucubrations, I am hoping, may assist the *Daily News* to answer my very simple inquiry, which is this: Was not (1) the destruction of the Spanish Armada, (2) the Battle of Blenheim, (3) the Battle of Trafalgar, and (4) the Battle of Waterloo, each in its way a "knock-out blow"—of the kind now reprobated by the Pacifist Press? And did it not produce, in each case, a material and moral effect nohow else obtainable? For what else, then, can Englishmen pray, and Englishmen fight?

Two light pseudo-pathetic platitudes that usually escort the main fallacy may be briefly torpedoed: (1) a moral and philanthropic appeal, "A great nation, we are told, must not be 'humiliated.'" Then let it not (we reply) humiliate, by disgracing itself. Or must we remind Idealist Liberals that "*Le crime fait la honte non pas l'échafaud*"; (2) an appeal to self-interest (like the original and authentic "Lie low and freeze on to the belligerents' trade"); violent conflict, even crushing victory, means the exasperation of the defeated party, the endless renewal of war, etc., etc., etc.

Then it can only be said such military and naval proceedings as the four above referred to were egregious moral and political blunders. Yet, curiously enough, their effect was to bring to a close—not to revive—certain other proceedings, of which no noticeable revival is recorded in history.

"Pushed 17,000 of their cavalry into the Danube, where I saw most of them perish."

This was not a nice process; nor was the great Duke of Marlborough a refined or over-scrupulous agent of the Powers that direct human destinies.

It would have been more ideally satisfying to try the cause of Catholic Tyranny v. Protestant Democracy before some international tribunal, and settle the matter without temper or violence.

But we live (alas! at how many crania the truism knocks unadmitted!), we live in an imperfect world. And had we shuddered (as Mr. Massingham would have shuddered) at the prospective "exasperation" of Philip II, Louis XIV, or Napoleon Bonaparte, then (to conclude with one more query) where should we be now?

Yours faithfully,
E. H. P.

GOVERNMENT WASTE AND EXTRAVAGANCE.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In 1914 the War Office commenced to build huts all over the country to accommodate the new armies, but the progress made in the construction of the camps did not satisfy the authorities, so a policy of speeding up had to be adopted. Advice was sought from Mr. Lloyd George's discovery, the man of "push and go," who was a shipping man of great business experience. He showed that in shipping circles when it became necessary to unload and load a ship in the quickest possible time that the greatest speed was obtained not by demanding tenders, but by entering into contracts with reputable firms on the basis of paying them a per-

centage on their outlay; the experience gained by adopting this form of contract was that the time saved more than compensated for any extra expense incurred.

The War Office adopted this method and numerous camps were built on such agreements. But much has happened since 1914. At the present time, factories, wireless installations, aerodromes, roads and other government requirements are being constructed under these conditions, namely that the contractor receives a percentage on his outlay for raw materials and a percentage on his wages bill. We cannot close our ears to the complaints which reach us from Winchester, Slough, and other parts of the country of the evils which have arisen from this method of Government contracts.

Two evils seem to stand out prominently and to assume the form of undoubted scandals. These are, firstly, the serious waste of man power and, secondly, the frightful expense which the country has to bear.

As regards the first, the contractors have the super-priority right to all labour in their neighbourhood, and this is taken the fullest advantage of. It is notorious at one of these camps, and very likely applies to all, that every man who applies for a job gets it, whatever his capacity and however many hands there may be already engaged in that particular department. As regards the second, it is only necessary to visit one of the towns in the vicinity of these camps to be told of the extraordinary high scale of wages which is being paid for unskilled and light work.

To illustrate this, one has only to attend a meeting of a local tribunal and to hear the conversation between the National Service Representative and the man who is applying for exemption from military service. Among many such we select the following:—N.S.R.: "You were in a certified occupation, were you not, as coal carter?" Appellant: "Yes." N.S.R.: "Why did you leave it?" Appellant: "The work was too hard. I wanted work of a lighter character." N.S.R.: "What wages are you earning? What did you get last week?" Appellant: "Four pounds three shillings."

Those who are shocked by this payment of wages on the very highest scale for "light work" freely express their opinion that no objection is offered to a high scale of wages if the wealth produced or the work done corresponds with the amount received, but the complaints, and we maintain that this complaint requires the strictest investigation, is that the wages paid are not earned, that the work done in exchange for these wages is altogether inadequate, that two or even three men are set to do one man's work, that, it being in the interests of the contractors to prolong the work, the original demand for this type of contract has lost its force, and that it is extravagantly wasteful of money and man power, and should cease.

Yours faithfully,
WINTONIAN.

MONTENEGRO.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Baerlein's letter in your current issue is more an attack upon your reviewer than anything else, but as it seems also directed against any expression of sympathy with Montenegro, one (albeit the smallest) of the Allied nations, perhaps I may be permitted to make a few remarks upon the letter, not in detail, but from the broad point of view. I am as perfectly well aware of the series of shameful slanders that have been directed against Montenegro and her King in this country and elsewhere as I am of their source. They emanate from one spring only, and that is a group of Serbian political intriguers, whose tactics, I am glad to be able to say, are repudiated by a not inconsiderable number of their own Serbian fellow countrymen. Mr. Baerlein seems to imagine that it is an extraordinary thing that His Majesty King Nicholas does not enter the lists and engage in a newspaper correspondence as to his *bona fides*, and reply to the charges made against him and his country!

I think that all decent-minded Britons may be trusted to form their own judgment upon this point, knowing, as men of the world, that Royalty is singularly isolated in these matters, and open to all manner of slander and abuse from any who may care to adopt such methods, but I should like to make one or two matters perfectly clear to the ordinary reading and thinking Englishman, who maybe knows nothing of the Balkans and Balkan politics, except by reading of newspaper articles. In the first place, I want to emphasize the fact that all these attacks upon Montenegro come, as I have said before, from one source, a party of Serbian political intriguers and their partisans in this country, or from renegades and traitors in their pay and service. In the second place, I would like to point out that although Serbia's own history in the past can hardly be described as immaculate, and, indeed, is gladly forgotten, in the spectacle of the present suffering of her gallant and unfortunate people, yet not one single word of unkindness or scandal, personal or political, has ever been directed by Montenegro against her sister country, in any shape or form. In the third place, I appeal to what in England we call "cricket," which Mr. Baerlein may be interested to know implies "fair play," "playing the game," "taking no mean advantage," and much more that only an Englishman seems able to understand, and I ask, is it "cricket" to choose a moment when the Montenegrin people are either in exile or captivity or in the grip of their cruel foe, and absolutely inarticulate as a nation, to engage in a campaign of calumny against her, to deliberately ignore her glorious unbeaten record of the past (a history unique for bravery in the whole annals of the Balkans) and traduce her for purposes of rival political advantage? To give a reminder to this fact alone is, I am confident, quite sufficient for the ordinary Briton. He needs no fuller argument.

Finally, I am sure that all non-partisan minds will agree with the sentiments expressed by the Earl of Plymouth, the Hon. Treasurer of the Serbian Relief Fund of England, which has done such noble work for the relief of the poor Serbian peoples, who, in his recent letter, of which I quote an extract, voices, I think, the opinion of all fair-minded Englishmen. His lordship writes:—

"You will find in me a strong supporter of the rights of Montenegro to be consulted as an independent State concerning the future settlement of the Balkan question.

"My idea of a Jugo-Slav Kingdom is in the direction of a voluntary association of the States of Slav origin to determine their own future, freed from Austrian and Turkish domination.

"I would never for a moment support any intrigue which had for its object the ultimate disposal of any independent State without its own consent, freely and constitutionally given."

And so say all of us, and that is as far as any Englishman ought to go. It is not for an Englishman to dispose of these Balkan Kingdoms or support any of the many groups of political intriguers who seek to carve out the Balkan provinces and form a new Europe from their comfortable arm-chairs in London! I am not laying down a principle for others that I am not prepared to carry out myself, and the whole object of my recent book on 'Montenegro' was to point out for the first time that there is a Montenegrin side to these questions, and to demand for her "fair play," and, when her freedom comes, her own self-determination.

There are many points in the letter of Mr. Baerlein that if he will permit me to say so, are to put it mildly, partisan and, consequently, misleading, but into these matters I do not propose to enter, except on one point only, namely, the question of Jugo-Slav Federation. No one man has more strenuously advocated the principle of Jugo-Slav Federation all his life, and with all the fervour of an idealist, than King Nicolas of Montenegro himself, and the Balkan peoples know this and will never forget it. It is the key-note of the settlement of half the Balkan troubles, and with the Italo-Slav entente the realisation of this hope of years seems about to come about. Any other representation of the ideals of Montenegro may be taken as a deliberate mis-

representation, but what do we find? We find that our intriguing friends are now very cleverly speaking less of a Jugo-Slav Federation, and more and more of a so-called Jugo-Slav Kingdom!—a very different matter, and in reality a dream of a huge Serbian Empire, which your reviewer was probably quite right in describing as "a vast visionary State which may never emerge from the region of a coffee-house debate."

Simply as a specimen of the spirit of the attack against Montenegro and in confirmation of my statements, let me quote from the book written by Mr. R. G. D. Laffan, entitled 'The Guardians of the Gate,' which was recently reviewed in your columns. On page 276 we read that King Nicolas has actually "refused to accept the principle of Montenegro's ultimate absorption in the Southern Slav State under the House of Karageorgevitch." Did one ever hear of such effrontery, that King Nicolas should dream for a moment of desiring to maintain his dynasty, which was ancient before the Karageorgevitch began, and that he should have the ambition to preserve his Kingdom intact, which, at the end of its martyrdom, should decide and determine its own fate in accordance with his National desires!

Yours faithfully,

ALEX. DEVINE.

Northwood Park, Winchester.

THE SERBIAN POINT OF VIEW.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I have read with much interest the Apologia of M. Tanovitch, for the Serbian murders of King Alexander and Queen Draga.

I would recommend your readers who wish to understand the inner history of these events to read Mr. Herbert Vivian's book entitled 'The Servian Tragedy' (Grant Richards).

I simply content myself here with saying that in suggesting that King Alexander was a party to any, even remote, understanding with Austria, M. Tanovitch is deliberately attempting to mislead your readers.

The Serbian people themselves are excellent folk and worthy of sympathy and help; but the Serbian "politics" or "intellectuals" as they call themselves, are as poisonous a lot as they have ever been, and would stick at little or nothing for any purpose of political intrigue to-day.

Yours truly,

H. T. GIBB.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It was interesting to peruse Capt. Jovan Tanovitch's letter in your issue of Aug. 10, as he touched upon various material points. This country, however, seems to have little or no idea of the sterling qualities of the Serbian race, comprising bravery, industry, steadfastness of character, and morality in its narrow and wider sense.

I have had the privilege of knowing many enlightened Serbs since the war, and can only speak of them in the highest praise, as they run straight. There is no camouflage about them. They say that which they mean, and mean what they say. Had our statesmen realised the importance of a staunch friend in the Balkans, and had readily responded to Serbia's S.O.S. call at the time, in lieu of embarking upon an expedition to the Dardanelles, resulting in a ghastly failure, Bulgaria would have speedily been beaten to a frazzle, and the whip-hand in the Balkans would have been with the Entente. But to waste words in recriminations is of little purpose.

Serbia means to be England's friend, and must be upheld through thick and thin to the ultimate advantage of both countries. It is said a late newspaper was in the pay of Austria, and published accounts of Serbia only to suit her game. We innocently believed

Austria and assisted her in keeping her heel upon that unfortunate country. But to secure a lasting peace of the world, Austria must be thoroughly beaten firstly, then only must Germany's turn come. We hitherto looked upon Serbia as semi-barbarous, and called her the disturber of the peace of the Balkans. But what was she fighting for? For freedom and liberty of action, just as we are doing to-day, besides the retaking of territory of which she had been ruthlessly robbed. Are Serbia's aims to be deprecated? On the contrary they must be admired by all such as understand the meaning of "Patriotism" and "Justice."

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
HENRI KENTOUT.

"KILLING NO MURDER."

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It is gratifying to be able to endorse every word of a singularly able letter; and all sound Churchmen should be grateful to your correspondent, Mr. C. F. Ryder, for his exposition of the mistaken attitude adopted by Knowledge, as represented in the prelate, towards Ignorance as portrayed in the populace. "*Hæc natura multitudinis est, aut servit humiliter aut superbe dominatur*" is as true to-day as in the times of the writer. The church would do well in these days to remember that, while enjoined to a righteous sympathy, it is also empowered with discrimination. What pulpit has denounced the murder of a friendless yet allied sovereign? Who has drawn instructive morals from the crumbling at its own hands of Democracy's latest prize, the Russian Empire? Who has dared to raise the veil and expose the seething mischief of the Socialist in our midst—atheist and anarchist in the making? Our Bishops are too busy eliminating long venerated psalms, and in manufacturing prayers not to be found in the Prayer Book, to attend to such matters; and the lesser clergy must take their cue from the Episcopate. But *when the Church ceases to lead it must follow* . . . whom, and whither?

Yours faithfully,

MORRIS BENT.

CO-OPERATIVE STORES AND INCOME TAX.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I have to remind "Mincing Lane Broker" that up till now he has failed to adduce evidence in support of his statement, on 20th July, that four of those whom he had previously described as the inner circle mandarins of the co-operative movement accounted for between them the sum of £32,000, "as the accounts show." Several correspondents have asked for corroborative evidence of the accuracy of these figures, but none has been forthcoming.

In earlier letters "Mincing Lane Broker" had suggested that the "mandarins," if not the rank and file, were making a good thing out of co-operation. To make plain what that really was may have been the purpose of the letter on 20th July.

It may now be assumed that your correspondent, through carelessness or incapacity to understand accounts, had blundered egregiously and had allocated as personal remuneration to an individual the figures representing the salaries or wages of the staff of a department.

Or is it possible that the statement was maliciously made in order to sow distrust between the leaders and the rank and file of a movement which he calculates may eventually undermine that by which he presumably earns his living?

But, in any case, "Mincing Lane Broker," having inadvertently or wilfully misinformed your readers, is under an obligation to tender them either an explanation or an apology.

I am, etc.,

No. 18358, St. Cuthbert's Co-operative Association, Edinburgh.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—May I thank your correspondent "No. 18358, St. Cuthbert's Co-operative Association, Edinburgh," for his letter in your issue of August 10th. It is very interesting, but, unfortunately, fails, and fails entirely, to meet the vital issue which furnished the text of your original article in your issue of April 6th last, and which I will beg permission to briefly state thus:—

Co-operative Societies transact a huge volume of business. If the same business was conducted by private traders, it would incur the payment of income tax. The amount of that payment you give as exceeding £2,000,000—I believe it would exceed £3,000,000. Conducted by Co-operative Societies, it entirely escapes income tax. You state that to constitute a glaring injustice. I agree. Probably, in his heart of hearts, "No. 18358, St. Cuthbert's Co-operative Association, Edinburgh," also agrees. What I fear is that he regards it as a matter for congratulation, not for regret.

Yours, etc.,

"THE LOOKER-ON."

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I have followed the various letters defending the meanness of co-operative stores in their determination to evade payment of income tax. I have been struck by the persistent and almost special pleading of "No. 18358 St. Cuthbert's Co-operative Association, Edinburgh." Probably I am doing him an injustice, but his letters lead me to think he may be a private or volunteer defender of co-operative-stores-privilege, disavowed by the central authority, but none the less a member of the unofficial claques which trusts and similar organizations find it advantageous to smile on—or even employ. Is he? "No. 18358" has spilt much ink in defending a position which was never attacked in your original article, the starting point of this present correspondence.

Let me, therefore, ask him a question. The various co-operative stores, registered under the act excusing them from income taxes, turned over about £200,000,000 last year and paid no income taxes in respect to the advantages, in meal or malt, accruing to co-operators by reason of that turnover among themselves, which took place under the protection of our National Services. If that turnover had been done by non-co-operative concerns, income taxes would have been paid on profits. Is that so, Mr. No. 18358, or not? If it is, why should I, an ordinary taxpayer, go on paying income tax on my savings in order to let him enjoy all the national benefits, Army, Navy, Civil Service, etc., without which his co-operative stores could not carry on?

The Roman Catholic Church tried the same game in the time of Edward I, and got out of paying taxes (in the form of Military Service) till the people of England killed and stopped that privilege, by passing the Statute of Mortmain. In the reign of Henry II ecclesiastical landowners tried to claim exemption from the jurisdiction of the English Law Courts; they did so also in the time of Charles Martel in France—result: Charles occupied the lands of abbeyes. The people of England now kick against paying taxes for other people to enjoy the benefit of, because those others register themselves as co-operators. No. 18358's casuistry does not throw us off the scent; it rather strengthens our contempt and confirms our suspicions.

Yours truly,

EDWARD ALFRED ROBINSON.

Manchester.

"THROUGH OPEN DOORS."

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In wandering about in a strange town, I suppose there are few people who do not feel the charm of a sudden glimpse caught through an open door, it seems at once to admit the wayfarer into some degree

of intimacy, and he no longer feels an absolute stranger in an unknown country.

Not long ago I found myself stranded in one of our cathedral towns, and was cheered on my lonely way by many such glimpses through open doors, for in that quiet place no one seemed afraid to leave his house-door open, and although rust and moth might corrupt, no thieves were there to break through and steal. Indeed crime of any kind seems far removed from the quiet folk who under the shadow of their abbey walls lead their peaceful and sequestered lives; and, judging by what was said to me by an old man with whom I got into talk, a failure to attend Divine Service "of a Sunday," was one of the gravest offences.

"'Tis a bitter herb to digest, Mum," he said, "is a bad action, and me and my missis have been setten' in our places punctual for the last forty year, but Sunday afore last it would seem we was doomed to be sinners, for th' auld clock as had never failed in all these years stopped dead middle of the mornin' and by the time we'd got over the shock of it in the manner of speakin' the folk was all a-streamin' out into the Square. It do make 'ee feel bad come Monday mornin' when you've missed your hymns and glory-be's, and all and as to th' auld clock a-stoppin', why it do seem to indicate as how the world be gettin' fair topsy-turvy altogether." The old man passed into his little shop, and through the open door I could see "the Missis" in her neat gown and spotless apron, shelling peas for her good-man's dinner.

Across the street was a seedsman's shop and I stopped to look in through the open door at the great sacks of different coloured seeds, red and yellow clover and purple turnip seed, side by side with biscuit-coloured maize, and in the window shone the little balls of purple blue for the onions, yellow-ochred mustard, and the dull brick-red of curled cress; close and fine and polished the tiny seeds lay in their neat round bowls of painted wood, and one wondered at the passers-by who, never even glancing at these dainty wares, found pleasure in the crude colours and dull "materials" of a neighbouring draper's shop. Old houses with their upper stories overhanging the street and with beams of blackened timber here and there left an open door for the benefit of the inquisitive stranger, and through the dignified portal of a solid Georgian house there was a glimpse of a quiet old garden set with yew hedges and borders of lilies and hollyhocks, where a little hunch-backed boy with grave and tired eyes lay watching other children at their games.

Through the shadowed gateway of the Abbey gardens groups of wounded soldiers could be seen wandering listlessly among the flowers, and farther on in a sordid street, at the outskirts of the town, suggesting only the impression of bricks and mortar and dirt, through a door swinging to and fro on rusty hinges, one had a glimpse of quiet water-meadows fringed by willows where the cattle were quietly browsing.

Many other such pictures were to be seen in the quiet old town, and the last of all, seen through the open door of the railway carriage was of clustered buildings of dim red brick amongst the grey flint walls, and through the smoke-wreaths the outline of a great church tower, whilst on the low hills in the foreground billowing waves of blue-green barley were crowned by a circle of dusky pines. Above, and around, and embracing all in its pale radiance the evening sky seemed to enfold the restless earth with the quiet surety of the peace of God.

BEATRICE M. BELLIN.

The House in the Wood, Woking.

OUR PRISONERS IN TURKEY.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—To-day I have received a letter dated June 24th, 1918, from an officer prisoner taken after the siege of Kut, in April, 1916. This letter says, "Have due about £27, and has been for the last three weeks or so, and is likely to be due for some time to come,

the trouble being the Turks can't raise the wind to pay us."

Have negotiations yet commenced for the repatriation of all the Kut heroes, and others have been prisoners for the past two years? Are they to be allowed to endure another winter of terrible cold, many of them are going about in rags, with holes in their boots, and have not even the money to buy the bare necessities of life?

All our successes in Palestine have a reflex action on our prisoners, by making it harder than ever to get food and clothing.

Something must be done for them before the winter, and done before it is too late.

Yours faithfully,

V. N. HARPER.

STAFF JOY-RIDING.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I write as a mere civilian, who is also an ardent admirer of the army, but there are limits. I was driving on a Surrey road—in an ancient vehicle, with a more than ancient horse, and driven by a woman—when the hooting of a motor was heard, and five motors crammed full of Staff officers, raced past us. They were going at about 40 miles an hour, as if the Huns were at their heels. There was a nursemaid, with a pram, on the road, many young children, elderly people, and two wounded Tommies, one on crutches, and one, with a bandaged eye. These people had to save themselves as best they could. This happened twice, in a 7-mile drive. Are our Brass Hats so hurried for time that they have to tear through the country roads like that, to the evident danger and discomfort of everybody else? The authorities put down the joy-riding of certain damsels, with their military swains, some time ago, and we, in England, certainly hope we are not to become too Prussianised. A Canadian friend wrote lately: "I sometimes wonder if we, too, may not develop a military rule that may become very repulsive to us."

Yours faithfully,

A. S. B.

FROM THE HEBRIDES TO THE BIHAR.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In the summer of 1880 I was staying at Dundas Castle with my maternal uncle, where I met one of his old brother officers, who asked me how it was that a poor soldier was now living in one of the oldest and finest castles of Scotland? In reply to this rather impertinent question, I said: "The Culdees worked a miracle, and brought about the marriage of the chief of the Hebridean MacQueen's with a rich and handsome widow." The gallant officer stared at me and dropped the subject, evidently thinking that I was mad. But he knew nothing about the Culdees and the influence that they can bring to bear upon those who are imbued with Celtic traditions. It is therefore with the help of the Culdees that I hope to avert the sinister mischief that is threatened by the Montagu Report. My heart is ever with the sailors and the soldiers of my native land. Therefore I say:

"Let populace jangle with peerage,
And ministers shuffle their mobs;
Mad pilots who reck not of steerage
Though tempest ahead of them throbs.
No clamour of cries or of parties
Is worth but a whisper from thee,
While only the trust of thy heart is
At one with the soul of the sea."

The soul of the sea comes from the cells of the Culdees in the Hebrides. I therefore appeal in the words of Swinburne to the people of this country who are being hypnotized by the supporters of Mr. Montagu.

Among the earliest recollections of my childhood are two oil-paintings of an old East Indiaman, the

"MacQueen," a ship which was called after the Rev. Dr. Donald MacQueen of Kilmuir, and was commanded by the old Skye minister's grandson, who had several members of his clan serving as officers and seamen. These oil-paintings were the work of Huggins, the celebrated marine painter, who had been a sailor before the mast in the "MacQueen." And the Culdees from the Hebrides will come to the rescue of the poor of India when dried fish in cardboard boxes arrives in good condition in Bihar so as to show how a new industry may be developed from the seas:—

"Take now but thy strengths to thee straightway,
Though late, we will deem it not late.
Thy story, thy glory,
The very soul of thee,
It rose not, it grows not,
It comes not save by sea."

"Fantastic and wrong-headed," are the words flung at me by my critics. But I am prepared to show how, by the help of the Culdees, famine will be banished from the shores of India.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
DONALD NORMAN REID.

EXPORTED COAL.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—With the prospect of a long, cold, dark winter before us, and the severe rationing both of coal and light, may I be allowed to say a few words about the large quantity of coal which is to be "hurled" over to other countries, for the comfort and warmth of their inhabitants.

Of course, for the railways and munition works it is a necessity, and it is quite right that we should assist our Allies to the very extreme of our power, but it may interest those who have not lived much abroad, to know that coal is almost an unknown fuel in France and Italy, the fire-grates not being constructed for the use of it.

The larger houses are nearly all heated throughout by furnaces, or as the French call them, "calorifiers," which burn coke and wood, and the smaller houses and peasants' cottages are heated and the people cook with the same fuel. The cooking is all done by charcoal, wood and coke, as coal has always been at a prohibitive price.

It seems, therefore, rather unnecessary, when our coal rations are so limited, for us to provide coal for "households" which have not been accustomed to the use of it and whose mode of living differs from ours, as also does their climate.

Yours, etc.,
G. C. W.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—At the present moment a great number of very clever, honourable, and very wise men (though these last, of course, have nothing to do with Mr. Winston Churchill's "Immortals," who let us in for the war—thank Heaven they are guinea-pigging or lying perdus, and cannot do the country any more harm) are very much exercised about a League of Nations after the war. When that is finished, then these worthy people hope to make arrangements for running Utopia on a truly constitutional and democratic basis. Allowing that human nature can only be eliminated, there is no reason why this should not be done. But that is a mere detail. As a means, however, of letting in a glimmer of common sense, let anyone turn up the files of papers and reviews and read the columns of gush and flappedoodle, especially in the Cocoa Press, that were written when the late Tsar convened the Great Peace Conference at the Hague some eighteen years ago. That was about the greatest farce since John Bright told us shortly before the Crimean War that Peace would reign among all nations, once we only had Free Trade. To keep up

appearances the Germans went to the Hague. The Roman Augurs, we are told, found it hard not to wink when they met each other after they had finished fooling the populace. The Germans must have had a similar difficulty when they came out of the temple of Peace. One thing, if there is a Conference for a League of Nations, we may be very sure that the Huns will spend money like water among the Irish and our Peace cranks; and quite right too, from their point of view, as they won't get much out of them if they don't. Then we shall hear all about the "Angel of Peace," the "Brotherhood of Nations," etc., and the lion lying down with the lamb, the latter outside of him, of course, on this unique occasion.

After Waterloo there was a long peace; the nations were sick of war. We shall probably have a long peace when Lord Haldane's "spiritual friends" have got their deserts. But a new generation will arise, who did not know its horrors. Personal ambition to rule, as with the Kaiser, may be one reason; or incompetent self-seeking Ministers with parochial instincts all bent on jobbery, may again rule this land; that would be another. Then, too, commercial rivalries in the future will probably arise, and that may be a third; but any one of them will be enough to bring down this League of Nations like a house of cards; for the simple reason that wars have always taken place sooner or later and always will do so long as human nature remains the same, whether people are governed by democrats, who represent the collective ignorance of the greatest number, or a downright autocrat.

But whatever cards, either autocrats, as the Kaiser, or democrats, like Bolsheviks, may have up their sleeves, they will only be played in the name of "Humanity," "Progress," etc., as these have been found to be the most profitable from the point of view for gulling mankind, as we learnt to our cost from 1906 to 1916.

ANDREW W. ARNOLD.

Dorking, Surrey.

"LITTLE VICTIMS."

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I read with surprise in this paper on August 10th a review of a public schools education book. The reviewer seemed to express strangely effete and absurd ideas about public school boys. They certainly are not "little victims," much less "young barbarians." Nobody proposed teaching politics to a whole school. Thanks to men like Messrs. Gollancz and Somervell, the liquorice-eating, beer drinking Tom Brown has disappeared.

The public school boy is prepared to take Disraeli's advice that "politics is a stinking profession," but that is no reason why he should be left ignorant of political matters, bearing in mind that he will be largely responsible for the success of the next generation. No sane boy would wish to discuss anything with a mother whose mind "revolved" on Debenham and Freebody's, and any boy—whether unfortunate in the possession of a stockbroking father or not—would surely please the latter more by discussing Lord Bryce's bill than any shop about "the bally rotten weather."

Why should one "not let them know that such things as politics exist?" Surely it will be their business—and they realise it—to try and evolve from the "stinking profession" something approaching respectability, and not leave it in the disgusting state in which their fathers have succeeded in bringing it.

One wonders if the reviewer has ever seen a public school. The public school boy does not want to be an "idiot" and may be relied upon in having a cleaner and more reasonable view of things than all the worn and old critics who are content to dodder in their arm-chairs.

I remain,
A MERE BOY.

REVIEWS.

BRITON OR BRAHMAN?

India in Transition. By the Aga Khan. P. Lee Warner (Medici Society). 18s. net.

WE published a fortnight ago an article on 'Knowledge about India,' in which we emphasised the ignorance of India amongst Englishmen which is so dangerous a fact at this hour. No one who has not visited Benares, if only for a day, is really competent to form any judgment about Indian government. As Mrs. F. A. Steele said, in her admirable speech at Lady Sydenham's meeting the other day, the tortuous alleys that surround the great Hindu temple in that wonderful nest of barbarian superstition must be explored if we would form any notion of the Brahmanical priesthood. One must see with one's own eyes the filthy stagnant wells, eagerly drunk as holy water, and the burning ghauts, and the noisome dirt that pervades everybody and everything, and learn at first hand the obscene rites that are practised in certain inner Courts—all these things must be seen and heard by the unimaginative Briton, before he can realise the role of the priestly caste on which he proposes to confer political power.

Why should we be mealy-mouthed about Brahmanism? Are not infanticide, infant marriage, and obscenities that cannot be described, amongst the institutions of the Hindu religion? And are not its votaries a great majority of the Indian peoples? The rule of the Roman Catholic priesthood is bad enough (as we have realized in Ireland and the colonies); but it is the last word of civilisation compared with the dark and degrading tyranny of the Brahman. Democracy and Caste are at the opposite poles of the moral world: yet we are treated to the astounding paradox of democratic politicians proposing to confer supremacy upon "the twice-born" priests of a primeval superstition. Ignorance, sheer ignorance, is the only explanation of this performance, which would be laughable, were it not so dangerous.

It is just because of this ignorance that a book like the Aga Khan's is so misleading. 'India in Transition' is temperately and skilfully written, in good English, by a travelled and cultivated man of the world, who is certainly not a type of his countrymen. The book is rooted in two fallacies, the first of which was the keynote of the recent debates in Parliament, and is indeed the stock phrase of the democrat. The time has come, we are told *ad nauseam*, when we must "satisfy the legitimate aspirations of the Indian people"—we take the words from the *Times* report of the speeches. What aspirations of which people? Why are they legitimate? And why, where, and by whom have they been expressed? There are three great religions in the Peninsula, the Brahmanical, the Buddhist, and the Mohammedan; there are more than thirty languages; and there are over three hundred million inhabitants, of whom barely 6 per cent. can read and write. Is it not obvious that "the legitimate aspirations of the Indian people" are the political ambitions of lawyers and journalists, who are not 3 per cent. of the population? But Mr. Montagu and the Aga Khan are handling explosive materials: if they think the Muslims, the fighting minority, are going to lie down under the rule of the Brahman priests, they may discover their error by the light of another Mutiny.

The second fallacy of the Aga Khan is his assumption that India must form the Central Power of a great South Asiatic Confederacy, embracing Persia, Afghanistan, Mesopotamia, Arabia, Egypt, Burma, and the Malay Provinces, including possibly Java and Sumatra. This strikes us as a very dangerous idea. We do not want a Southern Asiatic Confederacy in the East: we want the British Empire there, wielding an undisputed hegemony. If the Persians, and the Afghans, like to shelter themselves under the British flag, with forms of self-government as ample as you please, well and good: but we see no reason why we should share our empire, won by the sword and kept

by governing capacity and honesty, with any Shah or Caliph. The Aga Khan, in touching on the social relations between the I.C.S. and the Indian officials, mildly complains of a certain "aloofness" on the part of Commissioners and Collectors. There always will and always must be an aloofness between West and East, between the European and the Asiatic: when that aloofness disappears, there is something amiss. Sometimes that unhappy being the Eurasian is the consequence: sometimes, but very rarely, the ruin of a man like Arthur Crawford.

It is not necessary to examine the details of Mr. Montagu's scheme or the Aga Khan's plan of provincial and central government, because we know that there will be no legislation on the Report this year, and after this year, who can tell what will happen? Lord Curzon admits that neither he nor his colleagues have mastered the Report, which is not to be wondered at: the outrage is that the business should have been mooted in the middle of a great war. After this year there will be a new Parliament, with other things to think about; and perhaps we shall never be troubled with the Report again. It is interesting, however, to note that the Aga Khan shares with the founders of the American Republic their distrust of popular government. For Aga Khan proposes to adopt for India the American Federal system rather than the British form of responsible government. The Executive is to be placed outside the legislature, and to hold office independently of the votes of debating societies. It is curious that the nearer we get to democracy the more anxious do all thinking men become to remove the executive from its control. The trend of all political philosophy to-day is towards the federal system: and we agree with the writer that if Home Rule is to be applied to the Indian peninsula and its peoples the system of the United States is safer than the British Constitution as it stands at present. We do not know whether they who propose to federalise the United Kingdom and Ireland intend to make the executives independent of the legislatures. For this grain of political wisdom in a plausible and pernicious book, which should nevertheless be read to see the best that can be said for Indian Home Rule, we are grateful to the Aga Khan.

A LITERARY PROFESSOR.

Studies in Literature: By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d. net.

A LITERARY professor and a professor of literature are not necessarily identical, and it was an agreeable departure when the appointment of Mr. Quiller-Couch, as he then was, to the Edward VII Chair of English Literature at Cambridge, recognized the fact that "performances which have only genius, wit, and taste to recommend them" need not be an absolute disqualification for serious office.

To the ordinary human being a professor is apt to suggest a more amiable Mr. Casaubon, but the reader of the 'Studies in Literature' will be reassured by finding that his new dignity had not in any way impaired the charm of its author's style or the humour of his observation.

These collections of fugitive pieces are grateful at any rate to the book lover. It would be a thousand pities if so much of excellent and varied work were not recovered from the comparative obscurity of the lecture-room and the quarterly reviews. The captious may recall the miner's critique of the dictionary as being "full of good reading, but a trifle disconnected," but no reasonable person can complain of diversity of interest in a volume which takes you from "the commerce of thought" by way of the 17th century poets to the novels of Charles Reade.

The paper on 'Patriotism in Literature' is certainly of the moment.

He sees a delightful and subtle relationship between the Socratic irony of the 'Menexenus' and the war-songs of our soldiers.

"Oh, Menexenus, death in battle is a fine thing, The poor fellow, however poor he was, gets a costly funeral and an elaborate speech by a wise man, who has prepared it long beforehand. He is praised for what he has done, and for what he has not done—that is the beauty of it." One knows that speech so well, "and the speaker so steals away our souls, Menexenus, that I, standing and listening—feel myself a finer fellow than ever I have been, and if there be any foreigners present I am made conscious of a certain superiority over them, and they seem to experience a corresponding awe of me, and, in fact, it takes me about three days to get over it"—not twenty-four hours longer than the man in the tube takes to get over one of our Prime Minister's speeches.

When Tommy sings:—

"Send for the boys of the girls' brigade
To set old England free;
Send for mother and my sister and brother,
But for Heaven's sake don't send me"

to Professor Cramb, who preferred the German method of "Deutschland über alles" it may seem a long way—even a longer way than to Tipperary—from the polite irony of Menexenus to the cheerful irony of the English private soldier. Still, the truth is "his irony, too, plays with patriotism just because he is at home with that holy spirit." A fine taste which has learned not merely what to say, but what not to say.

The Englishman has a healthy distrust of the exuberant patriot. There is no lack of them to-day. Knighthoods and O.B.E.s are their portion. Fleet Street is their spiritual home. The last resource of a scoundrel has become the first expedient of the climber and the profiteer. The English view is the sound one. A man who talks much of his patriotism is like a woman who prates of her virtue—with seemly folk both are taken for granted.

To talk patriotism implies that that is not innate, which is the unconscious birthright of every Briton.

As our author points out: "The general good manners of Europe have been vexed for a generation by a people raw in character and uncouth of speech which has prospered by dint of training to a very high degree." The misfortune is that this temporary prosperity has misled so many of us.

"That," as we are reminded, "the self-asserter is like Malvolio, a self-deceiver," would never do for the Northcliffe Press.

Whether discussing the various theories of the origin of the ballad, tracing the influence of Horace on English verse, recalling to us the seventeenth-century poets that many of us have forgotten, if, indeed, we ever knew; doing justice to the Ancient Mariner—"not in the whole range of English poetry—not in Shakespeare himself—has the lyrical genius of our language spoken with such a note."

"A voice so thrilling n'er was heard
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides,"

and telling us that Matthew Arnold, matchless in criticism, as a poet seemed to be ever "striving to reproduce the Greek note through verse subdued to a French flatness of tone." All the poetic studies are full of interest and suggestion.

One welcomes his appreciation of Horace, who, he reminds us, was a great patriot. Though a good liberal, he will have none of Mr. Gladstone's Translations of Horace, but his rhetorical question: "Do you think at your age it is right?" is a little hard on the diversion of a retired politician.

One wishes he had not refused to discuss the question of translations. It is a curious art in which the worst may be actually the best. The good translator saves you the trouble of turning to the Lexicon for the words you have forgotten; the bad gives you an English paraphrase. Thackeray, who was always an artist, felt this. "But a plain leg of mutton, my Lucy, I prithee get ready at three"—is a real English equivalent of "Persicos odi," but does not attempt translation.

"Swinburne" is full of interest. All the merits and

faults of a public school education are summed up in Viscount St. Aldwyn's Eton recollection of the poet: "A horrid little boy with a big head and pasty complexion, who looked as though a course of physical exercise would have done him good"—a discriminating answer to a biographer in search of sympathetic matter.

It says a great deal for that school, which at that time had not given in to the absurdity of compulsory games, that a boy who arrived there with a Bowdler's Shakespeare, with a blue ribbon marker, should in his maturity "have spoken often and in affectionate terms of Eton."

Of Thomas Hardy's pessimism he writes: "It is a childless creed. It has no more evidence than Meredith's; intellectually, I find them equal, but Meredith has hope, hope for the young, and I must put my money on hope"—this is finely said.

The poetry of George Meredith and Thomas Hardy may be curious to the general public, though "The Dynasts" should be and perhaps is a popular success, but the plain man will be interested in Charles Reade's novels. People will never stop reading "It is Never too Late to Mend," and they are quite right. It is a fine spacious book; the interest never flags, and its success may have had something to do with prison reform.

Charles Reade was fond of the novel with a purpose. It was a sort of gentlemanly stunt. It had as much in common with the yellow press variant as Lily Dale with a suffragette, but it inclined public opinion towards the light, and provided much excellent reading.

He was the first to discover what interest was buried in "Blue books." His ideas on plagiarism were eccentric. When he transposed a page or two of Swift's "Polite Conversations" into one of his novels without acknowledgment, he could not understand why people objected. At one time he tried the odd expedient of printing the various passages of his novel in different type. Large for the rhetorical, and small for the sentimental, and so forth. Some critics, and by no means the worst, declare "The Cloister and the Hearth" the best historical novel in English. To others the performance is incredibly tedious, but it has held its own and still claims an appreciative audience, for as Sir A. Quiller-Couch points out Reade's genius was essentially dramatic, almost melodramatic.

The man was undoubtedly an eccentric. Unlike Shelley, Reade was not at a public school, and the result was he was as undisciplined as his books. "Great as his merits were, he had a fatal talent for murdering his own reputation, for capping every triumph with an instant folly," which was none the less disastrous for being prompted by a nature "at once large, manly, generous, tender, incapable of self-control, constitutionally passionate," and what was worse "in passion as blind as a bat."

Within the limits of an article it is impossible even to indicate all the matters of interest, but the remedy is simple and bears its own reward, the study of a delightful volume.

A HAPPY VETERAN.

A Sporting and Dramatic Career. By Alfred E. T. Watson. Macmillan, 12s. net.

JOURNALISTS of the old school avoided Kipling and water, and kept themselves studiously in the background. Their object was, not to impress the public with their own surpassing cleverness, but to convey information in sound, workmanlike English. They are nothing if not "factly." And Mr. Alfred Watson, who, as he reminds us, has been an esteemed contributor to THE SATURDAY REVIEW, is a typically accomplished specimen of the fraternity. He always knows his subject right through, and he always deals with it agreeably. His writings, under the well-known signature of 'Rapier,' attract those whose interest in the Turf is of the most perfunctory kind, for they are sure to get picturesque reminiscences of Lord Falmouth or Captain Machell, Tom Cannon or Fred Archer,

Ormonde or Bendigo; in short, of the various celebrities who have made racing history.

Mr. Watson's pointedly easy pen has not deserted him when he comes to reflect on the events of his life. His revelations of the office of the now, alas! dead *Standard*, will interest the world at large not a little, and will be profoundly appreciated by a rapidly thinning generation of journalists. That great editor, W. H. Mudford, was a curious man. Though endowed, as the letters published by Mr. Watson abundantly prove, with a genuine gift of humour, he was singularly unapproachable. As Mr. Watson says, reviewers and outside contributors never saw him. It went even farther than that, for a member of the regular staff, a sub-editor, used to declare that, as Mudford had been described to him as wearing a beard, he used to take off his hat to every bearded man he met on the staircase! Mudford, too, reversed the usual process, and, instead of waiting on Ministers of State, expected Ministers of State to wait on him, not a little, it may be suspected, to their indignation. Thereby he preserved his independence, and made *The Standard* a power in the land. Wise in all things, he knew when to retire. We agree with Mr. Watson, that G. B. Curtis, his successor, was hardly the man for the post. But Curtis fell upon difficult times, the commercial depression that followed the South African War; and he had been too rigorously drilled by Mudford to adapt himself to those times. The late S. H. Jeyes would have been much the better appointment.

As a dramatic critic, Mr. Watson knew Irving well, and we get the curious piece of information that he was asked to approach Irving with an offer of knighthood, which offer was at first declined. Salvini's 'Hamlet,' a nightmare of an impersonation, is duly denounced in these pages, and it is pleasant to meet once more 'Billy' Florence, George Honey and other lights of the footlights of by-gone days. But Mr. Watson is chiefly concerned with the uneasy relations between Gilbert and Sullivan. At rehearsals the latter thought that his music was disappearing into the background, the former that his plot was being submerged by melody. The rupture which occurred between the two, over a carpet, if gossip is correct, was obviously inevitable. Gilbert was, indeed, a difficult man, and Mr. Watson records that at the Beefsteak Club, whose betting-book, by the way, reminds us of Brooks's, as described by Sir George Trevelyan in his 'Early Life of Charles James Fox,' he alone was never addressed by his Christian name or a nickname. Sullivan was an imprudent man at Monte Carlo and elsewhere, and that was a shrewd prophet who declared, on the opening of the Palace Theatre, that within two years it would become a music hall.

Racing, however, forms the staple of Mr. Watson's recollections, and we naturally get amusing glimpses of the Duke of Beaufort, the Duchess of Montrose, Abington Baird, Harry McCalmont and others of its patrons, while Mr. Watson's own sporting association with Mr. Wallace Johnstone is recounted in some detail. Capital descriptions are given of races like The Sailor Prince's Cambridgeshire, which practically killed Fred Archer, and of Cloister's Grand National, which he won under the crushing weight of 12 st. 7 lbs. In the following year, Cloister suddenly went amiss, and had to be struck out. Fry, the bookmaker, by refraining from answering Mr. Watson's letters, had saved him from losing his money by betting on the horse, and the significant comment is: "Evidently Fry knew—a great deal more than the horse's owner." But of "novice's luck" we get a quaint example in

the investment of Palgrave Simpson, the dramatic critic, on the Derby. He backed Sir Bevy's, a rank outsider, at 20 to 1, because "the hero of one of his early poems" had been so called, and Sir Bevy's won.

The merits of jockeys of different generations is always an inviting matter of controversy. The Duke of Beaufort, no mean authority, declared that Archer was superior to the riders of the Chifney and Jim Robinson period, first-rate though five or six of them were. But the older school were merciful to their mounts, and we learn some sage words from Tom Cannon on the folly of mercilessly working the whip and bit, especially with two-year-olds. They could ride, these old jockeys, and, as Mr. Watson observes, "coming through" was not invented by Sloan, though youngsters may think it was. He writes guardedly about the "monkey-crouch," not liking it, but thinking there may be something in it.

Mr. Watson's connection with 'The Badminton Library,' *The Badminton Magazine* (now a stable-companion of *The Saturday Review*) and other literary enterprises, must be regretfully passed on one side, though he tells the story entertainingly enough. We cannot refrain, however, from quoting him on Monte Carlo, because he sets forth the real philosophy of the place. Rich men, he remarks, like Harry McCalmont, to whom winning or losing is not of importance, are often lucky at the tables. But any system is bound to fail in the long run, as the quiet old gentleman showed, who made a steady income for some eight years, and in the next lost all his capital. "The point is that his system was just as likely to go wrong the first year as to do so several years later." A croupier told Mr. Watson that he and his colleagues just watched the game hour after hour for very small pay, and: "If there were any imaginable system, do you not think that one of us would have found it out before now?" Yes, that is an unanswerable point.

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE.

Sainte Chantal, 1572-1641. A Study in Vocation. By E. K. Sanders. S.P.C.K. 10s. 6d. net.

WE owe a great debt of gratitude to the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge for having given us, at this particular moment, this admirable work. We say advisedly "at this particular moment," for the great world war has come upon us as a "krisis," a "judgment"; not necessarily, *a priori*, as either condemnation or acquittal (these are the result of judgment), but as that weighing of evidence, that discernment, that forms the special work of judgment. When a man is caught at unawares he reveals his true self; and the war has caught average English Churchmen at unawares, and is therefore revealing the strength, or the weakness, of their average religion. And we cannot help feeling, at this juncture, that it is a revelation rather of weakness than of strength. The result of much that has been going on of late years in English Church life is that average Churchmen are reversing the relation between the verb "to be" and the verb "to do." They have come almost to believe that a frantic and feverish course of "doing" will bring them "to be" what they want to be. They have perhaps forgotten the Divine truth: "Thou bearest not the Root but the Root thee"; and the natural result of their upside-down methods are that their fretful and feverish experiment in "doing" tends to the bitterness of disappointment; and they are daily being drawn more and more into the vortex of

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frenzied activity in the hope that it may eventually fill the aching void. And, inasmuch as a corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit, we cannot, in these noisy days, be free from at least a suspicion that behind the activity which the war has so largely engendered there lurks an unspoken desire to justify the Church in this country in the eyes of the world as what may be called a "going concern." And that in a world in which the Head of the Church was crucified!

So at this particular time the Christian Knowledge Society produces this author's excellent work. The supreme value of the book lies in the fact that it is the history, not of a work, but of a soul. It sounds the note of tranquility, which is the note of strength; and amid the din and racket of these shallow and feverish days, such a book comes to us almost like the quiet voice of Elijah after the din of the long day at Mount Carmel, when in the evening it was heard to say: "Draw nigh hither unto me. . . ."

The author calls his book "a study in vocation." In these days, it is especially needful that we should have a clear idea about "vocation." Each one of us has the vocation to that perfect likeness to God which is eternal life. And each Christian has marked out for him by God that particular path that is to lead direct to this end, and that particular path constitutes the special vocation. The appointed road to that end may be marriage and home life, it may be Holy Orders, or the Religious Life, or it may be some such unique vocation as, e.g., that of St. Benedict Joseph Labre. It matters not. The one is as much a case of vocation as the other. The only thing that can possibly matter is that each Christian person, having received the Vocation to the perfect likeness to God, should use every endeavour to assure himself of the exact path by which that end is to be attained: in a word, to be clear as to special vocation.

The life of St. Jane Frances de Chantal (to give her her proper title) is emphatically a "study in vocation." The works accomplished by her are quite subsidiary: the main point is the history of her own soul. Be it so that she was to be the Foundress of a Religious Order; our author would remind us that it was not for this that she was created. She was created for the Image and Likeness of God.

In days like these, when "doing" is thought to be everything, and "being" retires into the background, it cannot but be helpful for any Christian to study the book which the S.P.C.K. has placed in our hands. We note one or two plain lessons which the author reads us at this time.

The growth of a soul to its perfection, like all other growth in organic life, is a matter of long patience. The history of St. Jane Frances de Chantal is a practical commentary on the text that the husbandman has long patience with the growth of his seed, until he receives the early and latter rain. This lesson is drawn out for us in the life of the Saint; and especially perhaps in the contrast drawn between her life and such exhibitions of impatient want of balance as Mme. de Guyon and Mme. de Gouffiers. We see how, in the growth of this one soul, the Husbandman waited for "the latter rain," which came in the sorrow of the parting with St. Francis de Sales, a sorrow which immeasurably increased her likeness to God in increasing her strength. It is observable, too, in the life of St. Jane Frances how the hand of God reveals itself in the *apparently accidental*. We find this in the quite unexpected fact that the "first turning towards a graver view of life was made by her husband" in his failing health. Again we see what a large part the *apparently accidental* played in the paving of the way for her to retire from the world.

Such a book as this enables us to realize the awful value of one soul. We like to classify men and deal with them in the lump; but it is true of the humblest little waif in the gutter, that the magnificence of his soul is quite beyond our reach. In our shallow, self-sufficient way we are quite ready to "take in and do for" a soul as we are to "take in and do for" any bit of what we are pleased to call "work"; and to

knock about among souls like a bull in a china shop. We do not want to know much about the bungler who seemed quite ready to "take in and do for" the affairs of Sainte Chantal; but we see enough of the mischief that he did by his crude attempts at guidance; and we note that the first thing that Saint Francis de Sales did, when he came on the scene, was to break the fetters that the incompetent quack had forged for her. Here in England we come across priests who are all too eager to rush in where angels fear to tread, and to fetter weak souls and to keep them weak, and who in their crude attempts at guidance remind us of Gilbert's memorable young lady who "does not think she waltzes, but would rather like to try"! Priests of this type would do well to study, in this book, the methods of St. Francis de Sales, methods that remind us of another canonized Saint. St. Philip Neri, of whom it was laughingly said that he drove his flock to Heaven in a coach and four!

We congratulate the S.P.C.K. on the production of this work, and the gifted author on the excellence of the book, and hope it may meet with the success it deserves.

LYRA INNOCENTIUM.

The Vagabond and other Poems from 'Punch.' By R. C. Lehmann. John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.

THE gentle art of Vers de Société took its rise in the classical post-Renaissance of the eighteenth century. From albums and coteries it emerged into politics and shone on scholarly pages from the *Rolliad* to the *Anti-Jacobin*. Then it burst its political fetters and moved with ease and grace in the polished sing-song of Praed and sometimes in the quainter humoresques of Hood. With the early Victorians it reached its zenith in Calverley, that great miniaturist, "the goodliest of all his sons," from Stephen to Seaman. In full perfection it is the art not of the little-great but of the great-little, the art which Pope founded in his 'Rape of the Lock.' Neatness and nicety of mechanism, precision of phrase, unexpected turns and rhymes, a playful fancy and fantasy are indispensable, but they are the body, not the soul. It is the latent inspiration, the immanent creative quality that lends these elegant trifles life. Even in Calverley's 'When the Young Augustus Edward' there is a strain of hidden pathos; in all his tiny masterpieces a subdued sense of tears and laughter. By the dusty wayside he pipes exquisite snatches on his toy flute, and when his themes are not merely whimsical, he sings with an individual distinction which stamps him as one of the Parnassians. Such lines as "And the pale light falls in masses on the horse-men of Vandyke," haunt the memory from generation to generation.

Mr. Lehmann must not refuse to be measured by a high standard, or take it amiss if we say, that with some notable exceptions his last booklet falls below it. He is a scholar and a "blue," with a sense of fun and regret, a fluency of rhyme and line, and a great love of children, gardens and dogs. His page, too, is white, and his lyre that of the innocents. So far, so good. But on the whole he seems to lack distinction and that originality of tone which gives atmosphere to the commonplaces of theme. Moreover, constantly his rhymes are trite—"portal" inevitably bringing "mortal"—while metrically, he often halts, especially in broken and scrambled monosyllables. Furthermore, when, as in the title-piece and 'Cragwell End' and 'The Dragon of Winter Hill,' all apt apparently for recitation, he aims not only at fun but fantasy, and tries to blend Ingoldsby with Browning, he seems to tend towards the disappointments of impotent climax. In 'The Vagabond,' however, at least one couplet deserves to live:—

"And the liquid notes of it wove a scheme,
That was one-half life and one-half a dream."

though we mislike the shifting of the emphasis from "one" to "half." 'Pansies,' about child-flowers and flower-children, has the true ring and is far more dis-

tinguished, while in 'Of Wilma'—a touching child-elegy—he rises higher and strikes a strain of true and lingering beauty:—

"So now set free from all that can oppress,
And in her own white innocence arrayed,
Made one for ever with all happiness,
Alert she wanders through the starry glade.
Or where the blissful Shades intone their praise,
She from the lily-covered bowers
Heaping her arms with flowers
Soars and is borne along"

'The Contract,' too, in a gayer vein—the contract by a little child to marry no one but her father—has the right lilt of Lilliput poetry and is handled with skill and the completeness that calls forth a little world of its own.

On the other hand the verses on the Death of Euclid are only fair to moderate, in noway rivalling 'The Loves of the Triangles.' 'Teeth-Setting'—*Punch*-verses on the outbreak of the War—appears to us trite and savourless, and, if hearty, neither heartfelt nor spirited, while 'Killed in Action' might have been written by any versifier. As for 'The Birthday,' 'The Bath,' and so forth, we cannot but think that their absence would enhance the rest. Society verse should never slap you on the back. One can laugh or sigh in many ways, but there is a vast difference in the expressions of laughers and sighers. Light and shadow, cloud and sunshine, all lie in expression. But at any rate, Mr. Lehmann, whether he sings of charming flowers or charming children, or pert pekingese puppies, or romping dogs, or College rooms, or races on the river, or a cracked sofa, never lacks the sense of fresh air, and this in these days means much.

THE RICHES OF THE SEA.

Fisheries of the North Sea. By Neal Green. Methuen & Co. 5s. 6d. net.

WE recently reviewed in these columns a book by Mr. A. M. Samuel on the Herring, which treated the subject from the standpoint of national policy, not from that of supply and trade value. Mr. Green's little book deals with the fisheries in general and from the latter aspects. Its publication, following on Mr. Samuel's 'Herring' should help to fix our attention to a potential source of national food and wealth. Of this, as a people, we know all too little. It should assist the general reader to grasp a good many ideas about our fisheries which, to his shame, have not yet penetrated beyond the specialist.

Yet there are signs of an awakening. In the middle of July the Deep Sea Fisheries Protection Association was unanimously demanding the creation of a separate department to deal with the subject, as in Scotland, and to remove it from the ægis of the overburdened Board of Agriculture, or was it, perhaps, from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners? Sixty years ago Frank Buckland made the same reasonable demand, since echoed by every expert on the subject; but nothing has been, or is being, done. Every book about our fisheries serves to bring home to the public the urgent need of improved administration, and the vast results that would accrue to the country therefrom.

Many of the breeding grounds have been left undisturbed owing to the war, and this has probably greatly improved the fishing areas, whose extension is only limited by the fertility of the ocean. When peace comes it will be well for us to be prepared with plans to obtain the raw materials of the seas, the oils, glue, isinglass, etc., so abundantly produced by our fisheries; to organise the supply of fish-guano to fertilise our soils; to make a fuller use of the fishing grounds, whether near home or on the wastes of Labrador or Baffin Bay; to fish the North Sea scientifically, realizing that its fish do not leave the North Sea, for the surrounding Atlantic is so deep (and therefore lacking in the plankton or microscopic vegetable and mineral matter on which they feed) that they cannot find existence there. Then there is the neces-

sity to discourage the taking of small fry in inshore fisheries, which destroys millions of immature specimens, and to assist which "is like encouraging fifteenth-century methods against twentieth-century improvements"; to exterminate systematically the porpoise and dogfish, which destroy £10,000,000 worth of our best mature fish per annum in the North Sea area alone. Above all, we must improve our archaic methods of distributing and marketing the herring, and do away with the anomaly of sending our herrings into Russia via Germany, and into Germany, whence they are actually re-exported at a colossal profit, to our own shores and colonies in the form of fish tinned, cured and otherwise treated as they could perfectly well have been treated here at home. Russia and Germany should only be allowed to have the herrings after we have offered them at home by improved methods of preservation and sale for export.

The immense commercial importance of the trawler; the increasing need for the centralization of our fishing industries; the provision of adequate cold storage and means of transport; the disuse of the small inshore fishing fleet; the fostering of the use of fish-meal for cattle-food; the necessity for the investigation and fostering of pisciculture by means of hatcheries; the desirability of a national system of fish propaganda such as was used in Germany, whereby in a single generation the inland population of that country, which once did not taste fish from year's end to year's end, was turned into a population of fish eaters; all these subjects are explained and their importance urged by Mr. Green. Many of his facts are of great interest, and will be new to the general reader. A North Sea fish, for instance, cannot live in the Atlantic, since its food is in the shallower depths of the North Sea, and its body is not adapted to bear the pressure of the deeper Atlantic or its eyes the absence of light. Fish from the lowest depths of that ocean fall to pieces on being brought to the surface. Even hake from the middle depths are apt to do so, and need the greatest care in handling, whereas those taken in shallower waters are firm from first to last.

Look at Germany: she fosters her own fishing in-

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dustries; builds docks, markets and factories; imports £3,000,000 of our herrings and re-exports them, prepared, at enormous profit. Germany cultivates carp and eel fisheries on an intensive system. What do we do? Look at the enlightened fishery policy of Canada and of the United States, of Japan, of Denmark, Norway and Sweden. What do we do? Look at the record of Scotland, under the wise administration of its own long-existing Board of Fisheries. Are we to be content to go on doing nothing? A starving Europe is not going to leave the fisheries to our exploitation alone; we shall have rivals. What is the cure for this? In the first place, *not* as Mr. Green, who has but an elementary knowledge of national economics, urges, by co-operation with all the countries bordering the North Sea, but by introducing scientific methods of pisciculture and trawling, and preserving by forbidding the murder of immature fish by inshore fishing, and by organizing the entire industry primarily for our own benefit. In the second place, by adopting the suggestions of Professors Gardiner and Nuttall, who urge, from knowledge and experience, the necessity of the systematic conservation of fish and its equal distribution as food.

What organization can do for inland home supply may be shown by an actual example of bad distribution. In a residential district with an excellent train service, eighteen miles from London, and on a line which serves Grimsby, the demand for fish is great—there is practically none to be had; what there is comes down from London and is rarely, if ever, fresh. In a South-Midland town, three times as far from the sea in any direction, and not on the Great Central, the supply of fish is varied, abundant and fresh.

Mr. Green's book may be ill-written, tautological, permeated with theories of trade now proved to be wrong, but if it leads us to ask why such inequalities of distribution exist, and why a Government, which thinks in terms of Departments and talks in those of Recon-

struction, can ignore a subject so vital to our food supply and our prosperity, it will have done its work. The map illustrating the fisheries of the North Sea, affixed to the inner cover, is very instructive.

THREE SAMPLES OF FICTION.

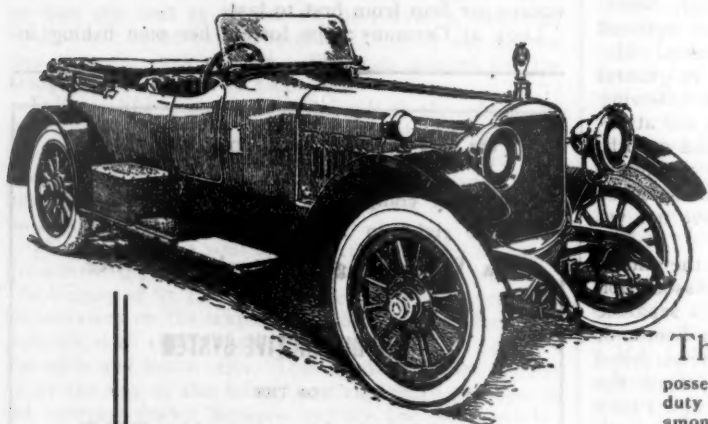
The Best in Life. By Muriel Hine (Mrs. Sidney Coxon). The Bodley Head. 6s. net.

Oh, Money! Money! By Eleanor H. Potter. Constable. 6s. net.

The Veiled Lady. By May Wynne and Draycot M. Dell. Jarrolds. 6s. net.

THE three books upon our list, though varying in merit, are all some way below the first—or second—flight of fiction. They belong to widely different schools, and may be fairly enough taken as severally representing the society, domestic, and historical novel of our day.

The modern society novel, and under this head, despite its misleading title, we must class "The Best in Life," is distinguished from its predecessors of an earlier generation by a perpetual straining after an original point of view, less boring perhaps, but certainly more irritating than the not too subtle humour and sentiment which found favour with our ancestors. True to this tendency, Mrs. Coxon places us frequently in the uncomfortable position of not clearly understanding in what direction she wishes to enlist our sympathies. Her heroine, a dressmaker's *mannequin* who has seen better days as a companion to a titled lady, appears to us all through an essentially worthless creature. She possesses, indeed, the redeeming virtue of a certain bourgeois respectability which stands her in good stead in her career as "climber." But she is wholly regardless of truth, and seems unacquainted with anything remotely resembling an ideal.



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Viewed as an audacious and attractive adventuress not of the worst kind, she is pleasantly amusing; but in any other quality we should pronounce her a failure. Her marriage with the owner of twenty thousand a year, a V.C. into the bargain like every self-respecting novel hero of the moment, is certainly from her point of view an eminently satisfactory consummation; but no response is aroused in us by that "spicing of noble sentiment" (as Carlyle has it), which the author considers appropriate to such an occasion.

Some minor characters are sketched with delicacy and brightness, especially the excellent lady whose mannish bearing does her a grave injustice. The peculiar humours of boarding-house life are accurately reproduced; but it is a reproduction which ignores the fundamental hypothesis that even denizens of boarding-houses have souls! The absence of soul is indeed disagreeably evident throughout, and naturally we resent this most in regard to the war, which appears as a serviceable background to be exploited for purposes of effect, but holding no regenerative influence for minds intent on dress, flirtation, and Continental tours. In this last connection we must notice the descriptions of Venice, which have an incongruous but undeniable charm.

"Oh, Money! Money!" is a good average specimen of that domestic fiction (excellent at its best) which for several years has had such a vogue across the Atlantic. The framework of the story is wildly improbable, but minor details are filled in with a convincing air of reality. An eccentric millionaire, one Stanley G. Fulton, forms a plan of enriching during his life-time sundry personally unknown poor relations, and observing incognito the results ensuing upon this benefaction. These, as would most likely happen in real life, are neither strikingly good nor entirely bad. A poor little underfed dressmaker has real pleasure in the exercise of her naturally benevolent instincts, for which after some severe lessons she finds a fairly suitable channel. A pretty, frivolous girl, who has always been prevented by an avaricious mother from wearing her best dresses till they have become old-fashioned, enjoys a brief social flutter and then settles down contentedly with a meritorious but not over prosperous suitor. Her father, having tried the life of gentleman at large and found it intensely wearisome, returns with renewed zest to the grocer's business in which he has formerly shone. His wife, to the great comfort of the household, is partly cured of her miserly habits by the failure of an investment on which she had built extravagant hopes. All the beneficiaries, in fact, arrive in their different ways at the conclusion that something besides money is needed for the attainment of happiness; and this is the chief advantage which they derive from Mr. Fulton's munificence.

That gentleman, while watching their various performances under an assumed name, finds solace in the company of a lady known in her family circle by the unflattering appellation of "poor Maggie." Every virtue, every grace is hers, but it is only fair to add that she is less intolerable than is generally the case with the perfect woman of fiction. Though devoted to an invalid father, she is under an illusion with regard to his temper, and fully realizes the exactions on the part of other relatives with which she good-naturedly complies. Her philanthropy also is of that up-to-date description which prefers the payment of a living wage to "gadding about with half-crowns," and altogether we are well enough pleased when Mr. S. G. Fulton offers her a hand containing at once his heart and his millions.

The picture set before us of life and manners in a little New England town where a capital of ten thousand pounds apparently represents wealth beyond the dreams of avarice is both instructive and entertaining. Some of the situations introduced would, we think, do well on the stage.

'The Veiled Lady' is supposed to derive its name from one of the many appellations, expressing now affection and now repugnance, which during the Terror were bestowed upon the prominent guillotine. This



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particular title is new to us, and so, we must add, are a great many of the statements in the text. Can it be possible that in the year 1793 Paris contained a club where Sans-culotte and Ci-devant, Priest and Jacobin, assembled weekly in friendly intercourse? Did Court ladies really take their places unsuspected among the knitting women who counted heads in the Place de la Révolution? Did one aristocrat officiate day by day as driver of a death tumbril, while another in beggar's rags hounded on the populace to blood; both being at heart devoted to the Ancient Régime? Were gilded salons still crowded with fashionables of both sexes, exquisitely dressed and mannered as ever? The period is in its main features so painfully familiar, and has already furnished material to so many novelists, that we can understand the temptation to brighten a monotonous catalogue of horrors by allowing invention full scope. But our interest in these developments is diminished by a remarkable similarity among the characters and their experiences which renders it difficult to remember exactly what each person did or suffered or deserved. The writing has a certain vividness, but is not distinguished by grammatical accuracy, as may be judged from such a sentence as "others had loved like she."

RECENT FICTION.

Sergei. Spud Tamson, V.C. By R. W. Campbell. Hutchinson. 6s. net.

The author, a soldier and a Highlander, has already had a marked success with 'Spud Tamson as a Private.' Many requests for a sequel have produced this book, which may be described as a good antidote to the war horrors so freely provided for us by the Press in general. The Sergeant is the occasion for wild humours which would appeal, we think, more to the private than the officer. We note specimens of the pleasing exaggerations which brighten the soldier's talk, his essential modesty and sentiment, and the fun occasionally made of too many orders and too many military lectures. The Colonel of the "Glesca Mileeshy" sticks to his boys and refuses to take a Brigade. He has a cork leg and employs Tamson to carry a spare one, which leads to a great story by Philip Nibbs and a question in Parliament by Mr. Jeremiah Nasty-Dogge, M.P. for Peaceville. It will be seen that the author's jokes are of the sort easily understood. A pamphlet for War Babies is signed by "Lord Northy, Chief Reporter at the Court of St. James," and "sealed and blessed by King David of Wales."

The chapter entitled 'The Loyal Poor,' a reply to a writer in the *Times*, puts a point of view worth considering.

'A Schoolmaster's Diary,' edited by S. P. B. Mais (Grant Richards, 6s. net), purports to be the Diary of Patrick Traherne, sometime Assistant Master at two Public Schools. The writer has some knowledge of the life of our smaller schools, though what of it is shown here would not require personal experience as an assistant master in one of them. Traherne evidently entered the teaching profession with the intention of making the school do something which it does not profess to do; our schools only provide the sort of education that the great majority of parents want, as is shown by the fact that they pay for it. He should have gone to one of the institutions which profess to give the education of the future. The author lays a morbid emphasis on the sex question, and his suggested remedy of co-education of the sexes, quite possible in day schools, might easily lead to disaster in boarding-schools. The book is most interesting, and those who disagree, as we do, with the author's suggestions, will agree that it is full of matter for consideration.

'The Black Image,' by Fergus Hume (Ward, Lock, 5s. net), is a copy of the Iron Virgin of Nuremberg set up in a garden at Greenacre Manor in the days of James I. The story tells of the murder of the Squire, the attempted murder of his daughter and heiress, mysterious comings and goings, secret marriages and a double life. We have no doubt that this book will be welcomed by the majority of novel-readers.

'Frenzied Fiction,' by Stephen Leacock (Lane, 4s. net), is a collection of humorous pieces, most of which have appeared in popular magazines. In their proper setting of saccharine romance and anodyne adventure these pieces are a welcome relief, but they do not bear collection into a volume, except as a source of Transatlantic slang.

THE CITY.

In normal conditions it would be fairly safe to predict that the recent buoyancy of stock markets and the somewhat indiscriminate demand for speculative securities at high prices would be followed by a collapse, and in some quarters cautious anticipations may be heard daily. Such expectations, however, are based upon precedents which do not apply to present circumstances. In pre-war times a sustained upward movement in speculative or semi-speculative securities usually involved an extended "bull" account, many persons having bought considerable lines of stock which they did not intend to pay for, even if they had the means to do so. The situation thus created naturally gave cause for nervousness and a reaction in prices easily developed into a slump. Nothing of that kind exists to-day. The great bulk of the demand comes from those who are making more money than they know how to spend, and they are unable to build up an unwieldy bull account because they have to pay cash for what they buy.

Psychologically, there is a difference between cash purchase and carry-over purchase. The buyer who takes shares is slow to sell them; but the same buyer, carrying over shares speculatively, is often a nervous creature, ready to throw his shares on the market at the first alarm. Under the emergency rules of the Stock Exchange, contangoing from account to account is impossible; shares bought are taken off the market; and, although prices in many departments may be rather unduly high when gauged by the yield of income they produce, there is a degree of cash stability about the markets which renders a sudden slump extremely improbable. Unfavourable war news would cause a temporary cessation of the demand, and in the absence of support prices would gravitate, but there is not likely to be any panicky rush to realise, and, as "bear" selling is prohibited, the worst that may be expected is a gradual reaction. This view may not be encouraging to would-be purchasers of shares who have seen prices rise beyond their cautious reach. They will have to await the time—which must come eventually—when quotations will be once more established in accordance with the yield required by the reasonable investor. Current demand by the war-rich is founded not so much upon yields as upon hopes of a sharp rise in capital value, and many of them are trading very successfully. But ultimately, when the war profits cease, when the present demand is exhausted and a closer view of peace conditions in trade and industry discloses more than is real and less than is speculative, the gradual reaction in prices will commence and the old-fashioned investor who looks to the income yield on his purchases will find opportunity for discreet employment of his savings. Meanwhile he will have difficulty in finding anything better in security and yield than National War Bonds.

To stigmatise the whole of the present Stock Exchange activity as the result of indiscriminate buying would be an exaggeration. The demand for Mexican securities, for example, is an expression of the belief that a new era is starting in that unfortunate republic under the paternal eye of the United States, and although the rehabilitation of industry will require time and patience, holders of shares in Mexican railways, public utilities, mines and kindred businesses are justified in "averaging" in order to reduce the loss they now see on their old securities. And their confidence in the future may be strengthened by the recent action of the British and United States Governments resulting in the annulment of a decree which virtually prohibited development of new oil lands in Mexico.

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'The Lady in Blue,' by Fred M. White (Ward, Lock, 5s. net), brings the author into his second half-century of novels, and shows no diminution in his ability to construct an exciting plot and a good adventure story. The lady in blue of the title is overheard sending a Grand Duke into a conservatory for her 'ap, in which he is shortly after found stabbed to the heart, while at the very moment of the discovery the evening papers announcing his assassination are on sale. How this murder is linked up with the fortunes of a young actress and of a disgraced ambassador may be left to the reader to discover. There is not a dull page in the book.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

A Plea for Courtesy and Candour: An open letter addressed to the Bench of Bishops. By F. W. Bussell. Parker: Oxford.

Dr. Bussell's pamphlet, involving the reproduction of a good many letters, is in rather small print, but well worth reading, we think by those who have the welfare of the Church at heart. Whatever the reader may think of the different points at issue he must be surprised at the treatment a Bampton Lecturer and a distinguished Oxford scholar has received from leaders in the Church. Bishops are not in these days particularly marked out by erudition; they are rather supposed to be capable organisers of their dioceses, considerate and, we hope, tactful in the business which they have to transact. This pamphlet exhibits those with whom the writer had to do in a very different light. Their letters suggest motives which should not for a moment have been attributed to Dr. Bussell, even if he had not already *proprio motu* done much for the keeping up of unsatisfactory livings. They show also a lack of straightforwardness and decision which is not business. Incidentally, the pamphlet makes it clear that the Church should pay immediate attention to the question of "livings" on which no man can live, also of advowsons which are constantly being transferred to new owners. The Benefices Act of 1898 is not satisfactory, and Dr. Bussell's letter on the point suggesting much more definite action should not be missed.

LATEST PUBLICATIONS.

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